

The School Ma'am Saga

and other cowboy classics

from Out Our Way by J.R. Williams



RAGGIN' IT.

J.R. Williams

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

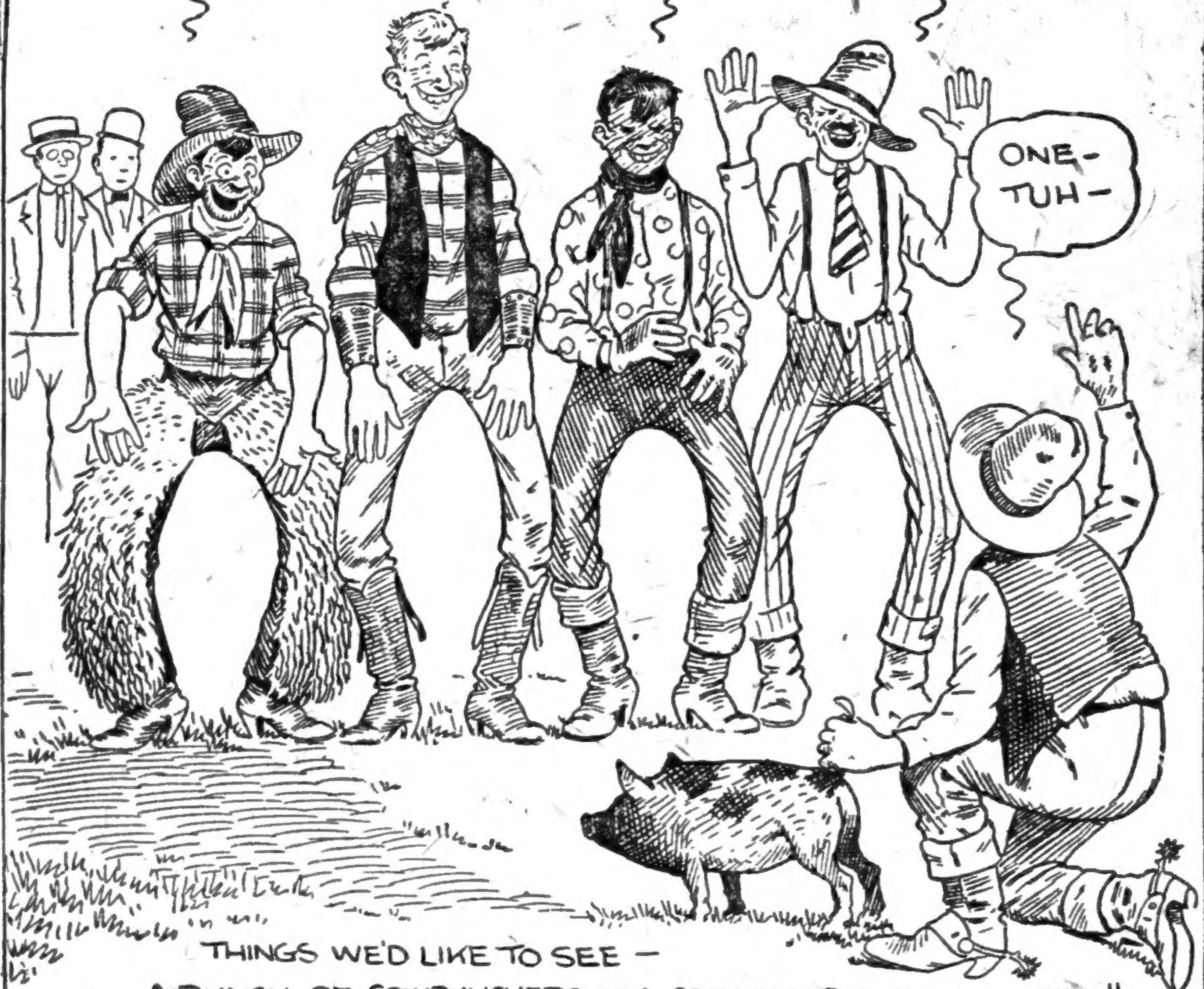
IF HE GITS
PAST ME HELL
BE DORK
SAUSAGE :

EF HE AINT
BROKE T' RIDIN'.
HE WILL BE AFTER
I GIT ABOARD OF
IM :

I TROW LOTSA
BULL AN LOTSA
CAFF I MAKE FAS
JOB WIZ DE DEEG.

WERE I YAM
DIGGIE! YOO-
HOO! RIGHT
THIS WAY!

ONE-
TUH—



THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE —
A BUNCH OF COWPUNCHERS IN A GREASED PIG RACE

J.R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

TH' COAT LOOKS
ALLRIGHT. NOW
HOLD TH' GLASS
SO'S I KIN SEE
HOW TH PANTS
LOOKS.

NOT ME! NOT ME!
I HELD IT WHILE
YU LOOKED AT
TH' COAT BUT
I WONT HOLD IT
FER YU T' LOOK
AT THEM PANTS.
NO SIR!

OH-OH-OH!
I FEEL SO
GUILTY - OH-
OH- I HELPED
HIM T' PICK
OUT THET SUIT,
BUT I DIDN'
MEAN NO HARM.
BU-HOO-HOO.

IT AINT TH
SOOT WHUT
DONT FIT, IT'S
HIM WHUT DONT
FIT TH' SOOT.



THE MAIL ORDER SUIT.

MEMBER NOW!
DONT GO T'KKIN'
NO CANS WITH
THEM SPORT
SHOES O' MINE.

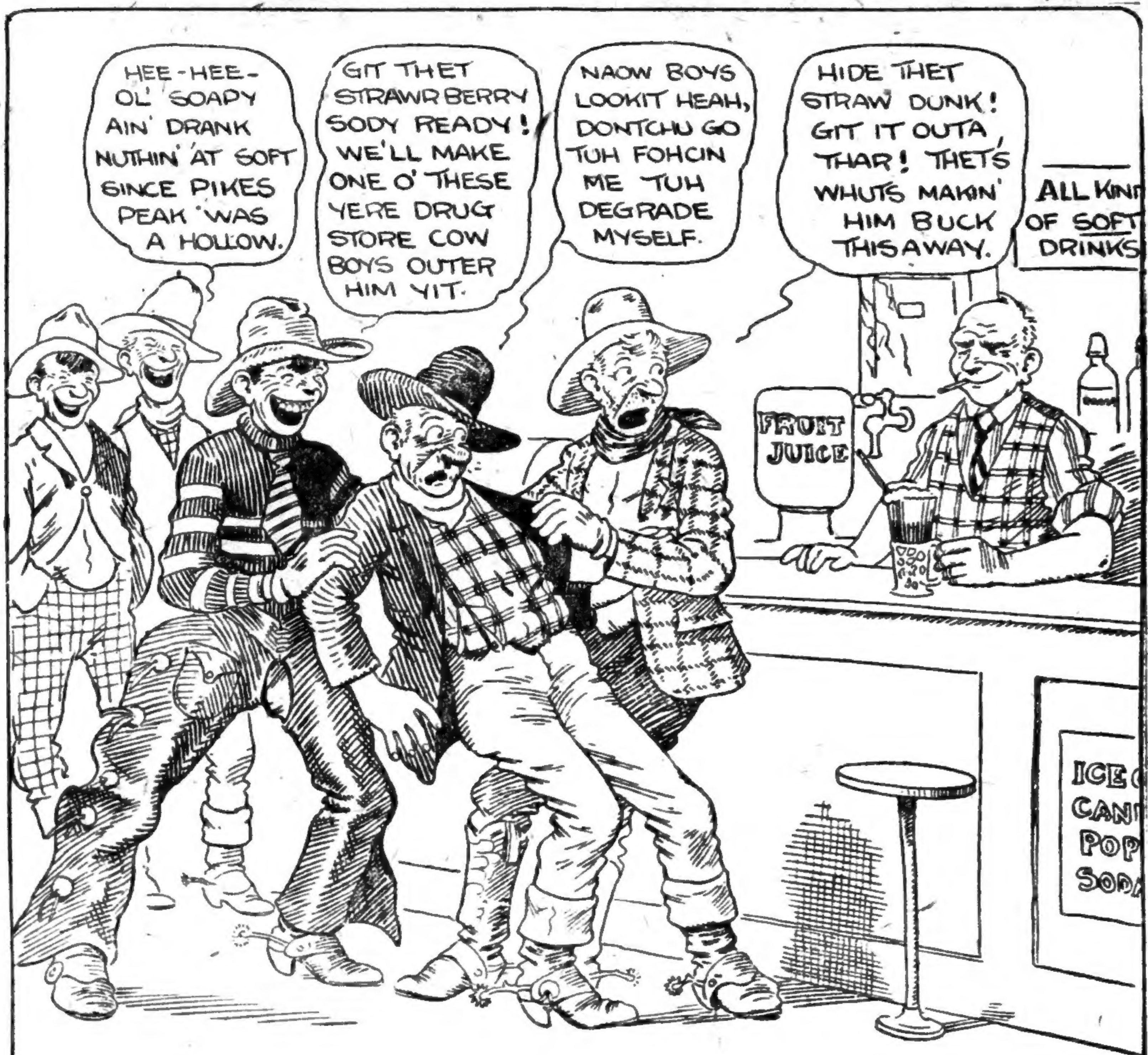
SAY! EF YUH
SPILL ANY TEA
ER STRAWBERRY
SUNDAE ON THET
TIE O' MINE.
DONT COME
BACK.

JES A MINUTE
THAR SMOKY
TELL I SEE EF
YOU BEEN PUTTN
PUFFUME ON MY
GOOD BEST
COAT.

HEYAH-
HEYAH!
WHO GIVE
YOU MY
CONSENT TO
WEAR MY
SUNDAY
PANTS?



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE MAVERICK.

J.R. Williams

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

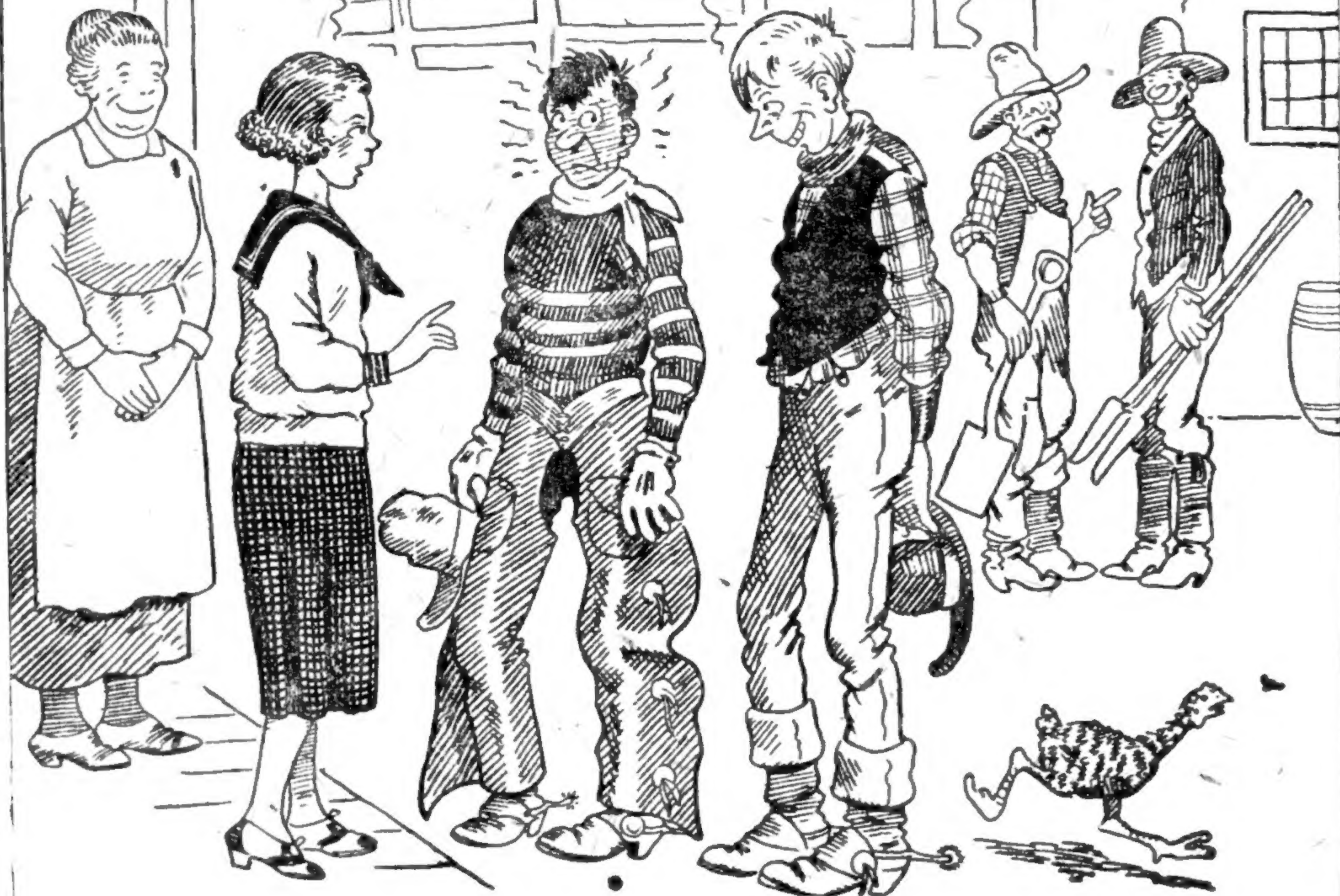


I SEE THE MOVIES
HAVEN'T GOTTEN
ALL THE HANSOME
COWBOYS YET, YOU
STILL SEE ONE NOW
AND THEN. I THINK
THEY'RE SO CUTE.

YAS MAAM.
YU DO SEE
ONE NO'AW
AN THEN.
BUT I COME
MIGHTY NEAR
NOT BEIN'
HEAH T'DAY.

CUTE - SHE'S
RIGHT. THEY
ARE CUTE
SHE SED TH'
SAME THING
ABOUT THET
JUG HAID
BURRO.

PORE CHOCOLATE!
BY TH' TIME
HE THINKS OF
SUNTHIN' SAY
CREAM HAS
GOT IT SAID
WITHOUT
THINKIN'.



THE NEW SCHOOL MAM VISITS THE BOY-P AND
MEETS SMOKY AND COTTON FOR THE FIRST TIME.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT POOR DUMB ANIMALS! YOU SHOULD GIVE THEM EACH A PRETTY NAME AND WITH KINDNESS AND PATIENCE YOU COULD TEACH THEM TO COME WHEN YOU CALLED, TO LIE DOWN, OR EVEN TO DO CUTE TRICKS. AND GIVE THEM A LUMP OF SUGAR NOW AND THEN IT WOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW MONTHS

FOH HUNDERD N FORTY FOH—
WITH THEM
LAST FOH!



THE BOYS AT THE BOX-P RECEIVE A LESSON
IN COWPUNCHING FROM THE NEW SCHOOL MA'AM

J. Williams

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

I CAINT FIGGER WHO THIS BEE-OOTIFUL HEART SHAPED BOX O' CHOCLITS BELONGS TO. I FOUND IT HID N' UNDER AN OL' TARP. BUT NOBUDDY CLAIMS IT.

I JEST ADORES THESE CHOCALIT CHERRIES. BUT EF I THOT I WUZ ROBBIN' SOME YOUNG LADY - WHY COASE I - HEE-HEE.

THEY CAINT BELONG T' COTT'N CAUSE I SPECT HE'S GOIN' TO A DIRECTORS MEETIN! OH - WELL, I'LL TAKE A COUPLE HANS FULL MY HAWSE LIKES EM.



UNCLAIMED GOODS.

SMOOKY SADDLE UP A
COUPLE HAWSES. I WANT
YUH TUH TEACH TH' NEW
SCHOOL MA'AM TUH RIDE
'IM PICKIN YOU. BECAUSE
YORE TH' HAN'SOMEEST.
LET SMOKY AN' COTTIN
FINISH THEM POST HOLES

THIS IS RIGHT
SUDDIN. BUT
I ALLERS KNEW
I DIDN' BELONG
WITH TH' COMMON
RIFF RAFF

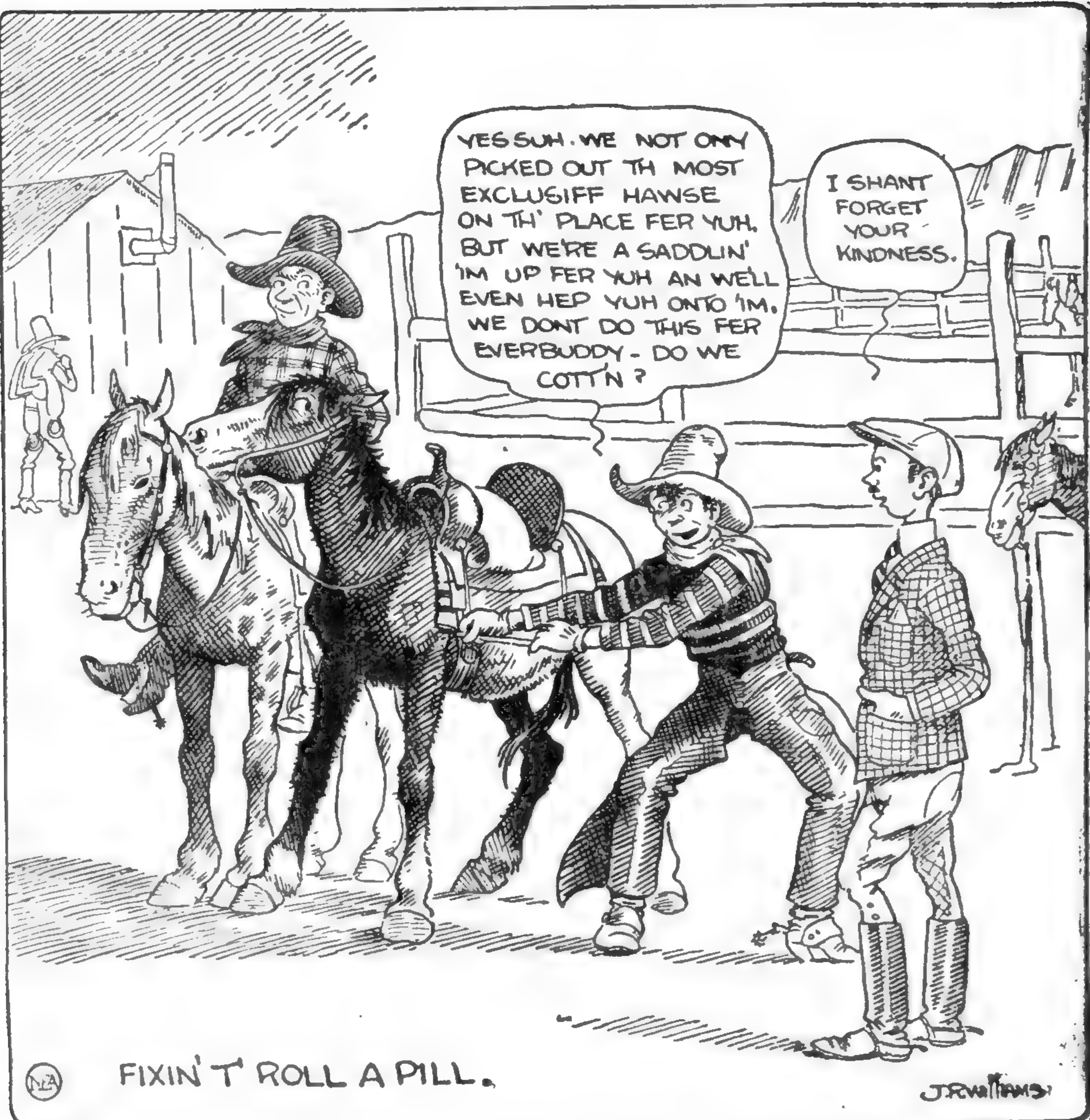


THE BOSS PICKS A DARK HORSE AND
SMOKY AND COTTON ARE LEFT AT THE POSTS

JR WILLIAMS

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FIXIN' T ROLL A PILL.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

A DATE WITH TH'
SCHOOL MA'AM, A
GOOD SUIT, AN' FOH
DOLLARS IN MY POCKIT.
IM SO HAPPY I
COULD SCREAM.
TA-RA-DE-DOODLE-
DUM-DE UM.

I MISSED
MY FOH
DOLLARS
FROM IN
NUNDER MY
PILLER RIGHT
AFTER HE
LEFT.

AN WHEN
I GOES TUH
CHANGE CLOES
I FINDS MY
GOOD SUIT
GONE.



IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

J.R. WILLIAMS



THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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NO, I DONT 'MIND
TELLIN YOU BUNCH
O' TURTLES WHUT
IT IS! ITS A NIGHT
SHIRT TUH WEAR
IN BED!

OH, TUH WEAR IN BEYD? WELL
THEY'LL BE ALLRIGHT THEN, LONG
AS ITS KEPT NUNDER COVER.
YUH'LL PARDING US MIE TUH
COTTN, BUT US BETTER ELEMENT
HAS TUH KEEP OUR EYE ON
THESE DARING
COSTUMES.

I OBJECTS!
I OBJECTS!
ITS MOHN
TEN INCHES
FRUM TH
GROUND!



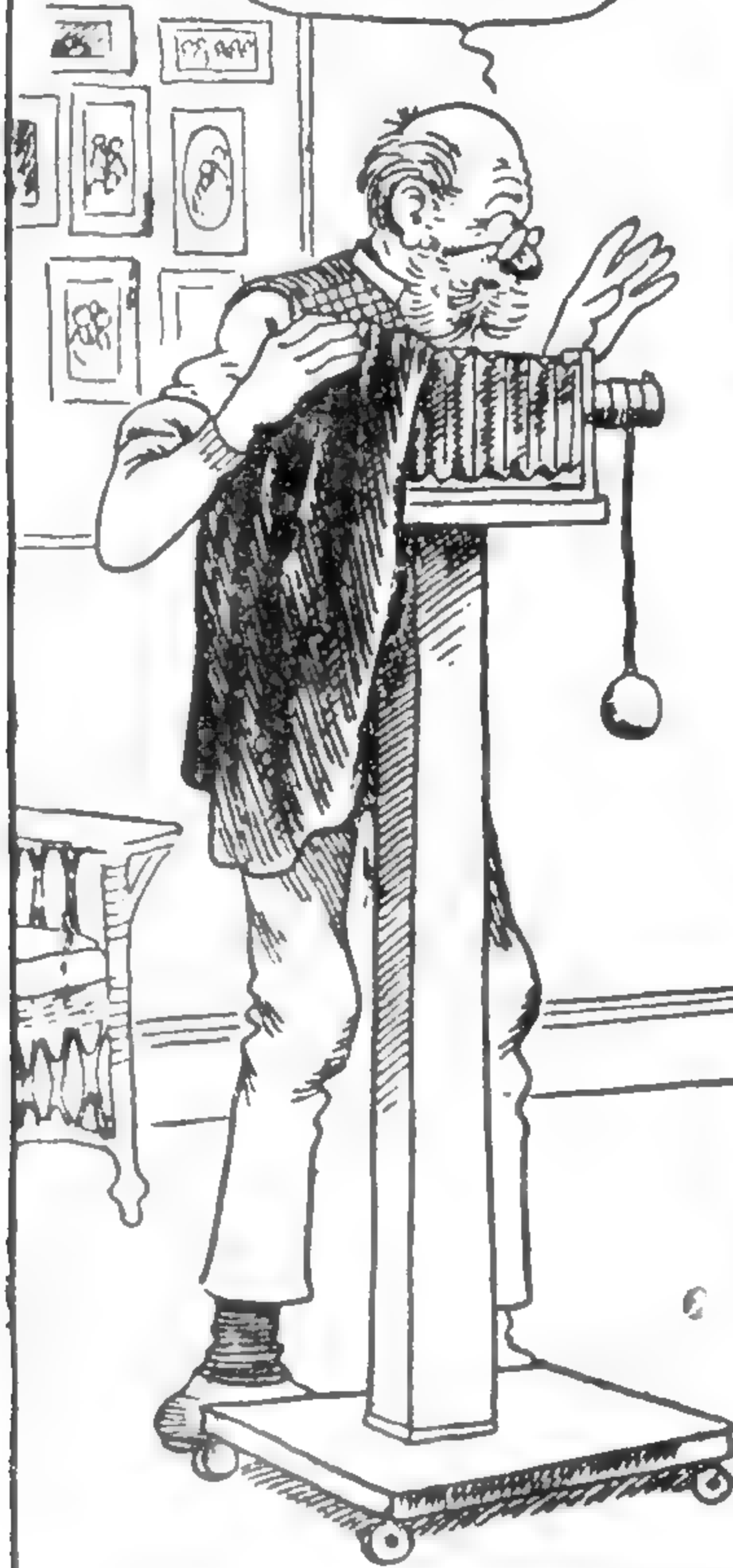
THE HIGH BROW.

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MOVE OVER
JUST A LITTLE.
YOU'RE NOT
QUITE FAR
ENOUGH IN
TH' PRAIRIES!



WHEN EAST IS WEST.



RAGGIN' IT.

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HIGH AND MIGHTY

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I OFFEN
WONDERED
EF A MAN
COULD BE
SCALPED AN
LIVE— BUT
I'M DOIN' IT.

YUH SAID
TWO BITS,
AN' THETS
ALL YUH'LL
GET! YUH
CAINT RAISE
TH' PRICE ON
ME THETAWAY!

ALLRIGHT SUH!
SHET DOWN TH'
MACHINERY COTTN!
'A DOLLUHS OUR
PRICE, OR WE
LETS TH' JOB
STAND TH' WAY
IT IS!

YESSIR—
THATS OUR
HAFF OFF
—PRICE!



A TRIMMING.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



GETTIN' A TERRIBLE LOAD OFF HIS CHEST.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

LOOK HEAH BOYS,
ME 'N SNOKY IS
FIGGERIN' ON TAKIN'
IN THET ICE CREAM
SOCIAL AN' DANCE OVER
TO ESCONDIDA - NOW
UH-A-A- COULD YUH-
I MEAN WOULD YUH-
ER-A.

I COULD
EF I
WOULD-
BUT I
WOULNT-
CAUSE I
COULNT
GIT IT
BACK.

HEAH NETHUH;
CANSE IM A
SAVIN UP TUH
STAHT A HOME
FOH FINANCIALLY
EMBARRESSED
COW HANDS
OAH ANBUDDY
SUFFERIN' WITH
ICE CREAM
STOMMICK.

THEY BLOSSUM
OUT HERE
LIVE SASSIETY
BUOS. BUT
ITS FRUITLESS.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS.

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

NAOW DONT
FERGIT CURLY,
TAKE YORE HAT
OFF IN CHURCH,
AND DONT TURN
YORE HEAD TOO
QUICK OR THET
COLLUM WILL
CUT YORE THROAT.

EF YUH WATCH US
REAL CLOSELY CURLY,
YUH WONT MAKE NO
BAD BREAKS AT TH'
ALTER. WE'LL GO THRU
THIS AGIN FER YORE
SPECIAL BENNYFIT-NOW
WATCH - DO YUH TAKE
THIS MAN FOH —

OH YUS
I TAKE 'IM
FER BETTER,
CAUSE HE
CAINT GIT
NO WORSE.

I'D SHOW
YOU HOW
TO KISS TH
BRIDE CURLY
BUT I AIN'
GOT TH
HEART - I -
I MEAN
STUMMICK.



THE FIRST DEGREE.

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WHEN A TURN ABOUT ISN'T FAIR PLAY.

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HONEST BOYS,
THIS IS TH' LAST
ONE— I JEST WANT
TUH HEAR "IN TH'
SHADE O' TH' OLD
APPLE TREE" AGIN
IT CARRIES MY MIND
BACK TUH HOME.

JEST GO AHEAD
MISTUH SMOKY, EF
YUH WANT YORE
CARCASS TUH
ACCOMPANY YORE
MIND BACK TUH
HOME.



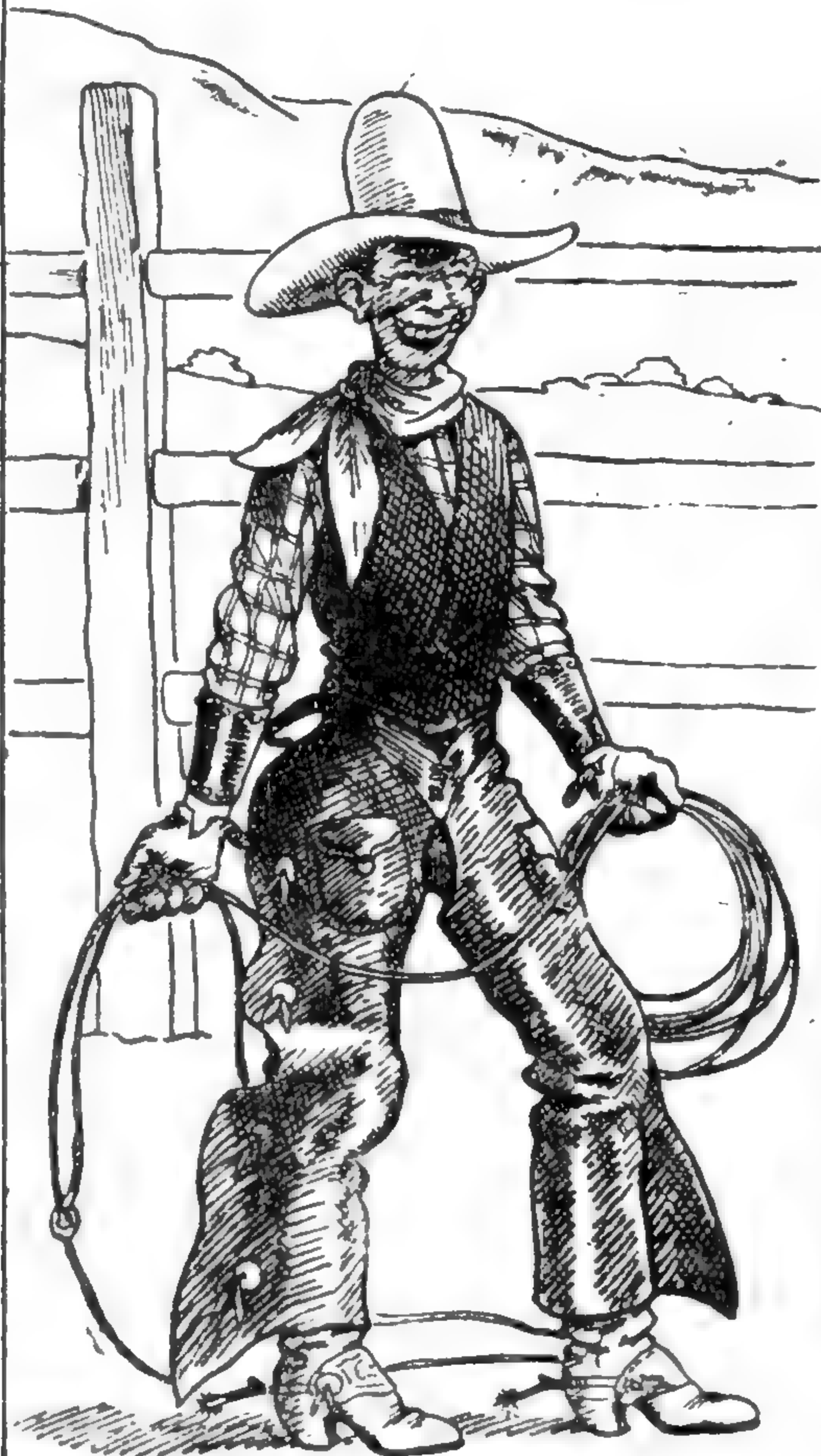
BOX-P SIGNING OFF AT EXACTLY 930 P.M.

JR. WILLIAMS

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ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY



WORKIN' CLOES



DRESSED UP.

J.R. WILLIAMS
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NOAW LOOKIT HEAH
SMOKY, YUH CAINT GO
WITH US IN THEM CLOES!
THIS IS A SWELL BLOW-
OUT AN WE JONT WANT
PEEPUL THINKIN WE'RE
FROM TH COUNTRY.

WE AINT GITTN
CHESTY SMOKY, BUT
FOLKS JEDGE YUH
BY YORE 'SOCIATES.
NOW EF YUH'D JES
DRESS UP A BIT
WHY A.

ME GOIN' WITH YOU?
WHY I'M A HURRYIN' UP
TUH GIT AHEAD O YUH
SO'S FOLKS WONT
THINK YORE WITH ME,
AN DONT GO SPEAKIN
TUH ME AFTER WE
GIT THAR!



THE UNDESIRABLE

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OUT OUR WAY—BY WILLIAMS

YESSUM, ITS FROM
TH SCHOOLMAAM. AN
SHE SAYS. 'WILL ARRIVE
ON THE 920, MONDAY
AM., WILL ONE OF THE
BOYS MEET ME AT
THE STATION.

REGARDS
TO ALL.

PORE COTTN. HES
LEAVIN' FUS THING
IN TH MAWNIN FOM
CHICAGO WITH THET
SHIPMENT O' CATTLE
AN WONT BE BACK
FOM QUITE A SPELL.
PORE COTTN.

WAH-
YEE-AH-O!



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SMOKY WINS. COMIN AN GOIN.

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YESSUH, I WAS HAVIN' A CHAT WITH TH' SCHOOL MARM T'DAY—PURTY GAL, BUT KINDER SOT IN HER NOTIONS, DONT SEEM T' KEEP MUCH FER DARK MEN, LIKES BLONDES, DEAD SET AGIN ANY-BUDDY WITH BOWLAIGS, AN' SHE CAINT BEAR A CIGARETTE SMOKER—SPEAKS POWFUL WELL O' COTTIN BUT NEVER SPEAKS ATALL ABOUT SMOKY—



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE NOT PRESENT

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

I'LL TAKE
ONE O' THEM,
EF YUH DONT
MIND SMOKY,
I'M PLUM OUT.

I HATE TUN BE
A BUMMIN' THISA
WAY SMOKY, BUT
I BEEN A TRYIN'
T' QUIT—BUT ITS
AWFUL HARD.
I'LL TRY'N MAKE
THIS TH' LASTN
SMOKY.

ID A SWARE I
HAD NEARLY A
HAFFA SACK LEFT!
THEY'S FUNNY—I
AINT GOT IT NOW!
I'LL SHORE HAFFTA
GIT A SACK NEX
DAYDAY—OH
SMOKY, DOWUN
MIND—UH A-A

NOW I KNOW
WHY I WAS
A GIT'N SO
NERVIS—I
AINT HAD A
CIGARETTE FOR
A HULL HAFF
HOUR—OH
SMOKY!



SACK OUT.

Williams

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

WAN SMOKY
I DIDN' KNOW
THET BISCUIT
SHOOTER WUZ
BACK IN
TAOWN!

WE'LL SMOKY, WHO
IS IT T'NIGHT TH
WIDDER WITH TH'
FIVE KIDS OWUH TUH
TH' GOAT RANCH, OR
TH' SCHOOL MARM?

HAINT THET
WIDDER
MARRIED
YIT? -WHY
I THOT--

SA-AY! CAIN'T A MAN
PUT ON A CLEAN SHIRT
ER SLICK UP A LITTLE
WITHOUT THER BEIN'
A WOMAN BEHIND IT?
IM MERELY CLEANIN'
UP SO'S I WONT BE
AGITTN TH' MANGE OFF'N
SOME O' YOU GROUND
OWLS!



LOVES LABOR

J.R. WILLIAMS

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NAOW LOOKIT HEAH SMOKY,
EF I WARNT A CLOSE FRIEND
O YORE'N I'D KEEP MY MOUTH
SHET, BUT YUH LOOK LIKE-
LIKE—WELL I WOULDN' GO
CALLIN' ON TH' SCHOOL MA'AM
IN THET LAYOUT SMOKY—YUH
LOOK LIKE-LIKE—WELL, YUH
DONT LOOK HUMAN.

YESSUH. THET
MAN SMOKY
IS SHORE A
HANSUM HOMBRE
WEN HE'S DRESSED
UP! YESSUH—A
DASHING FIGGER.

SO GENTEEL
'N' RISTOCRATIC
LOOKIN—AN'
SECH POISE!
NOW EF HE'D
ONY TAKE
UP ART AN'
LITERATURE—
WHY—A IS—HES—

YASSUH
HE CUD
HOB KNOB
WITH ROYALTY
IN THET
GIT UP,
SHORE
NUFF.



J.R. Williams

THE ROSE AND THE THORNS.

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

IM A TELLIN
YIM CURLY.
EF YUH READ
ONE WORD O'
THET LETTUH,
IM COMIN'
A GUNNIN'
FOH YUH!

GO A HAND
CURLY. IT
MUST BE
INTERESTIN'
CUZ HE WUZ
SNEAKIN OUT
INTO TH MESQUITE
TUM READ IT
OVER AGIN

ALLRIGHT NOW, GIT SETTIN
COMFORTIBLE CAUSE THERS
ABOUT EIGHT PAGES, AN IM
NOT SO VERY WELL EDDICATED.
HERE SHE GOES—*My Own Big
Brown Eyed Baby*— OO-OO
THIS IS GOOD. - BE-HEE-

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

J. Williams /

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

[illegible]

YES MA'AM WERE
DIGGING A WELL.
DOWN THERE? OH-
THET'S JES SMOKY-
HE ALLERS GITS
THETAWAY WHEN
HE'S IMPATIENT.

OH IS THAT
SO? I WAS
PASSING AND
JUST STOPPED
TO SEE WHAT
YOU WERE
DOING -I-I-
MUST BE
GOING NOW.

THE SCHOOL MA'AM GETS
SOME INSIDE DOPE ON SMOKY.

JRW. HAMS

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

YUH BIG WALLEYED
CAFF WRANGLIN' SHORT
HORN! WHY DIDN' YUH
LET ME KNOW SHE WAS
HEAH? LETTIN ME USE
SICH TERRIBLE LANGWIGE!
I WONDER WHUT SHE
THOT?

EE-HEE - I KNOW WHUT
SHE THOT - HAW-HAW -
SHE THOT IT WAS OL'
NICK HISSELF TEACHIN'
A CUSSIN' CLASS. TELL
I TOLD 'ER IT WAS ONLY
YOU DOWN THAR - EE-HEE
AN-EE-HEE WEN I KICKED
A ROCK DOWN ON YUH T'
LET YUH KNOW SHE
WAS HEAH - WHY
YUH GOT WUSS.



SMOKY COMES UP FOR AN AIRING.

J.R. Williams

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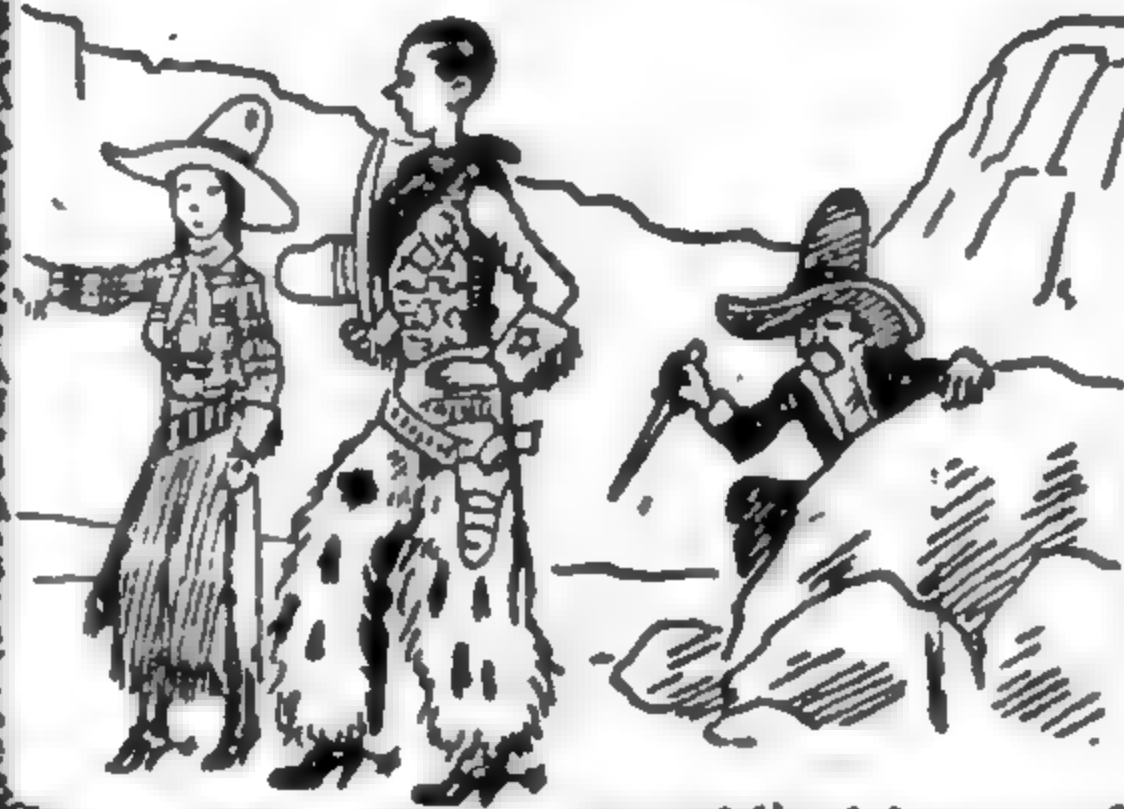
OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



SMOKY CAME OUT WITH A NEW AUTO
YESTERDAY AND THE DOG CANON
PRESS CAME OUT WITH A NEW AD TODAY.

J.R.Williams

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



CHUCK! OH
CHUCK! TH'
SHOW'LL BE
A LITTLE BETTUH
FROM NOW ON!
TH' PRAIRIE
CLAM WITH
TH WHISKERS
ON HIS PANTS
GETS KILLED IN
THIS SCENE!

O-OH GREASER
PLEASE-PLEASE
FOH MY SAKE,
FOH ALL OUR
SAKES, MAKE
A GOOD JOB
OF IT!

I TELL YUH
COTY'N, I DONT
DAST TUH
WATCH IT,
CAUSE EF
THET MEX
MISSES HIS
PUNCH-ILL
FAINT!



WHEN LIKE MEETS UNLIKE.

ORDER BY NSA SERVICE INC.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



SA-AY, YOU CHOCUT
AN' CREAM TWINS! WHUT'S
THIS YERE IDEE O' KICKIN'
ME ON TH' SHINS THETAWAY?
I CAME HEAH TUH EAT-NOT
TUH BE KICKED TUH DEATH!
ONE MORE KICK LIKE THET,
AN' YOU'LL BE WRANGLIN'
FRIJOLE BEANS OUT N'YORE
HAIR FOH TH' REST O'
TH' DAY!

HEV SOME
LICK MA'AM?
I-I MEAN
SURRUP.

HATS OFF
SIGNAL

THE DAY THE SCHOOL MA'AM HAD CHUCK
WITH THE BOYS WAS A MIGHTY POOR TIME
TO TRY AND TEACH 'CURLY' TABLE ETIQUET.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUT OUR WAY—BY WILLIAMS

HEAH-HEAH-COTTN!
I BRUNG THIS YERE
GUNNY SACK ALONG
FOH TUH WIDE DISHES
WITH! YUH'LL GIT HOSS
HAIR ALL OVER OUR
BACON, WIPIN' TH'
SKILLIT WITH THET
SADDLE BLANKIT!

WELL I TELL YUH SMOKY,
I PUFFERS EATIN' HOSS
HAIR WITH MY BACON TUH
EATIN' TH' FUZZ OFF'N A
GUNNY SACK! HOSS HAIR
GOES RIGHT DOWN, BUT
I ALLERS HAFTO DRINK SO
MUCH WATUH TUH WASH
THET FUZZ
DOWN.



THE SCHOOL MA'AM WHO HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE HOW
COWBOYS LIVE, NOW WONDERS HOW THEY LIVE SO LONG.

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I SPECT YORE A THINKIN WHUT
A BIG AIG I AM BALDY, TELUN'
YUH SECH STUFF, BUT EF I
TOLD EVEN ONE O'THET BUNCH
AT TH' BUNK HOUSE HOW PLUM
LOCO I AM OVUH TH' SCHOOL
MA'AM, WHY EVERBUDDY IN TH
COUNTY'D BE A KIDDIN ME INSIDE
OF A WEEK. YESSUH BALDY, WHUT
I TELLS YUH MAY GO IN ONE
EAR AN' COME OUT TH' OTHER,
BUT IT DONT COME
OUT YORE MOUTH.

THE SILENT PARTNER.

J.R. Williams

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



BUM RIDING MUST BE CONTAGIOUS, BECAUSE THERE WAS AN EPIDEMIC AT THE BOX P LAST TIME THE SCHOOL MA'AM WAS OVER.

J R WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THET'S IT. JEST HOLD IT
THETAWAY! NOW ALL YUH
DO IS JES FLIP IT OVUH TH'
CAFFS HAID - A-UH-MY BUT
YUH SHORE HEV GOT SMALL
PURTY HANDS - FACT. I AINT
NEVER SEEN NICER. - ANA UH
YUH SHORE WASN IN TH BACK
ROW WEN THEY WUZ AHANDIN
OUT EYES. HUH. REMINDS ME
O TURQUOISE. HUH. SHURE.
PURTY. HUH. . . .

EE-HEE-HAR-HAR
COTT'N'S GOT HIS
MIND ON TH MATTER
IN HAND. BUT SMOKY
AINT GOT HIS MIND
ON TH MATTER IN
HIS HANDS. EE-HEE
PORE SMOKY, HE
EXPECTED A KETCH
TO IT. BUT NOT
THET KIND.

YESSUH. PORE
SMOKY! HE
THINKS HE'S
A HOLDIN A
CAFF - BUT
HE AINT - HE'S
HOLDIN' TH'
BAG.



THE SCHOOL MAAM LEARNS A LITTLE ABOUT
ROPING A CALF AND A LOT ABOUT HERSELF.

JR WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

BOYS, I CAME ALL TH' WAY OUT HERE TO GET SOME REAL CLASSY COWBOY PICTURES NOW WOULD YOU MIND CHANGING INTO YOUR COWBOY SUITS - TH' SILVER SPURS - HAIRY CHAPS - YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN - LIKE TH MOVIES.

WE ONLY GOT ONE CHANGE MISTUH. AND THETS ON US. WE DONT WEAR NO NIGHTSHIRTS OUT HEAH.



THE MOVIE MAN HAD TO GO BACK TO NEW YORK TO GET SOME REAL CLASSY COWBOY PICTURES.

JR WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

I CAINT FIGGUH
WHUT HE WANTS
EM OFF FOH' HE
DONT NEED NO
BATH, CAUSE HE
TOOK ONE LAS TIME
WE WAS OVUH T'
SALT SPRINGS ONLY
LAST JULY.

WHY NO, THET
AINT IT. DOCKUMS
ORDERS - YUHVE
HEARD O' INGROWN
TOENAILS - WELL
INGROWN BOOTS
IS MUCH WUSS
EE-HEL-OH YUSS
MUCH WUSS.

LET GO O'
ME! I KIN
GIT EM OFF
WITHOUT NO
TEAM O' MULES
HOOKED ON
T' ME!

I TELL YUH
WHUTS WRONG
SMOKY - YUH
GOT TH' THIRD
JOINT O' YOPE
LAIG TURNED
LUNDUM FOH
A FOOT.

WET BOOTS.

J.R. WILLIAMS
+ A.J.S.

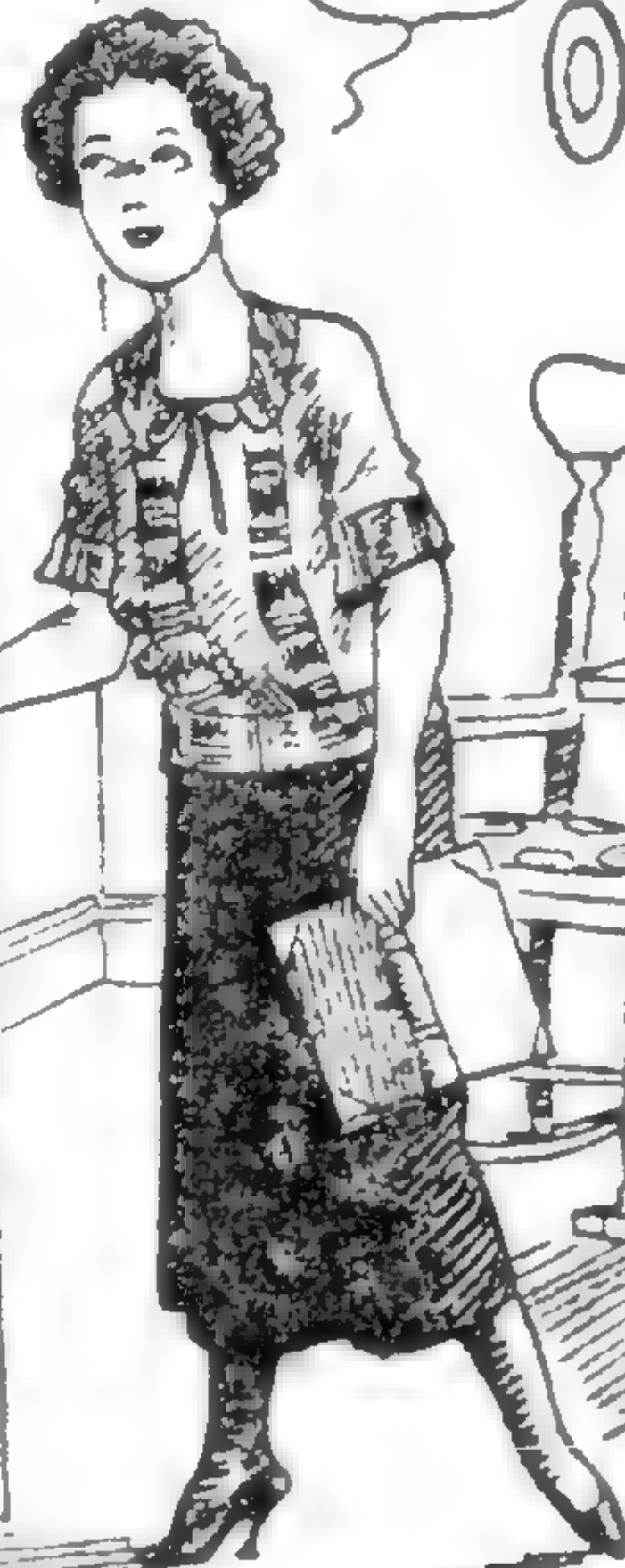
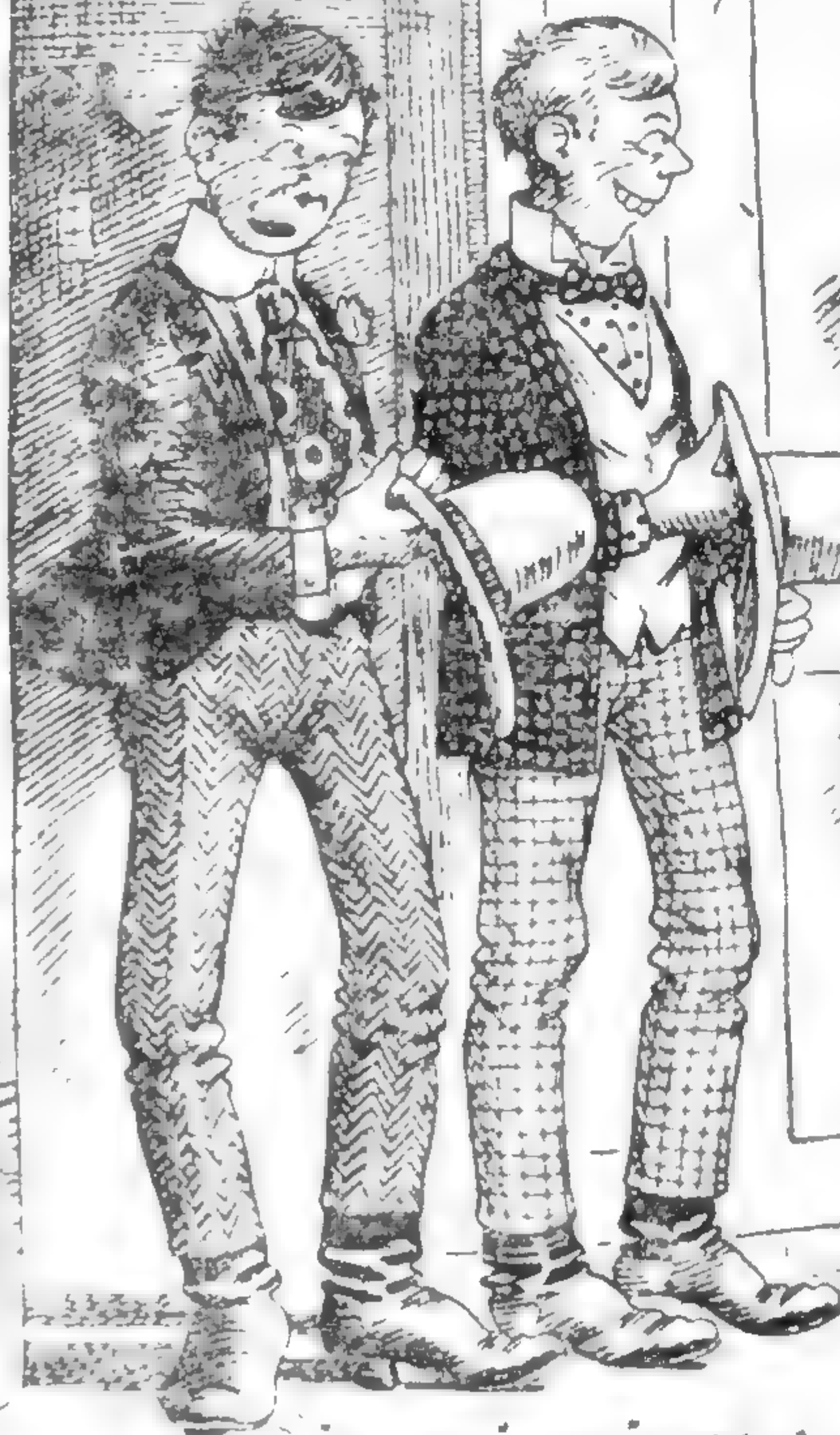
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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

WE JES HAPPENED
TUH BE WORKIN'
OVUH THIS WAY
ALOOKIN' FOH STRAY
CATTLE A-AN-WE-
WELL WE-A—

YES MA'AM,
THET'S IT!
AN WE JES
THOUGHT WE'D
STOP IN AN
SAY HELLO.

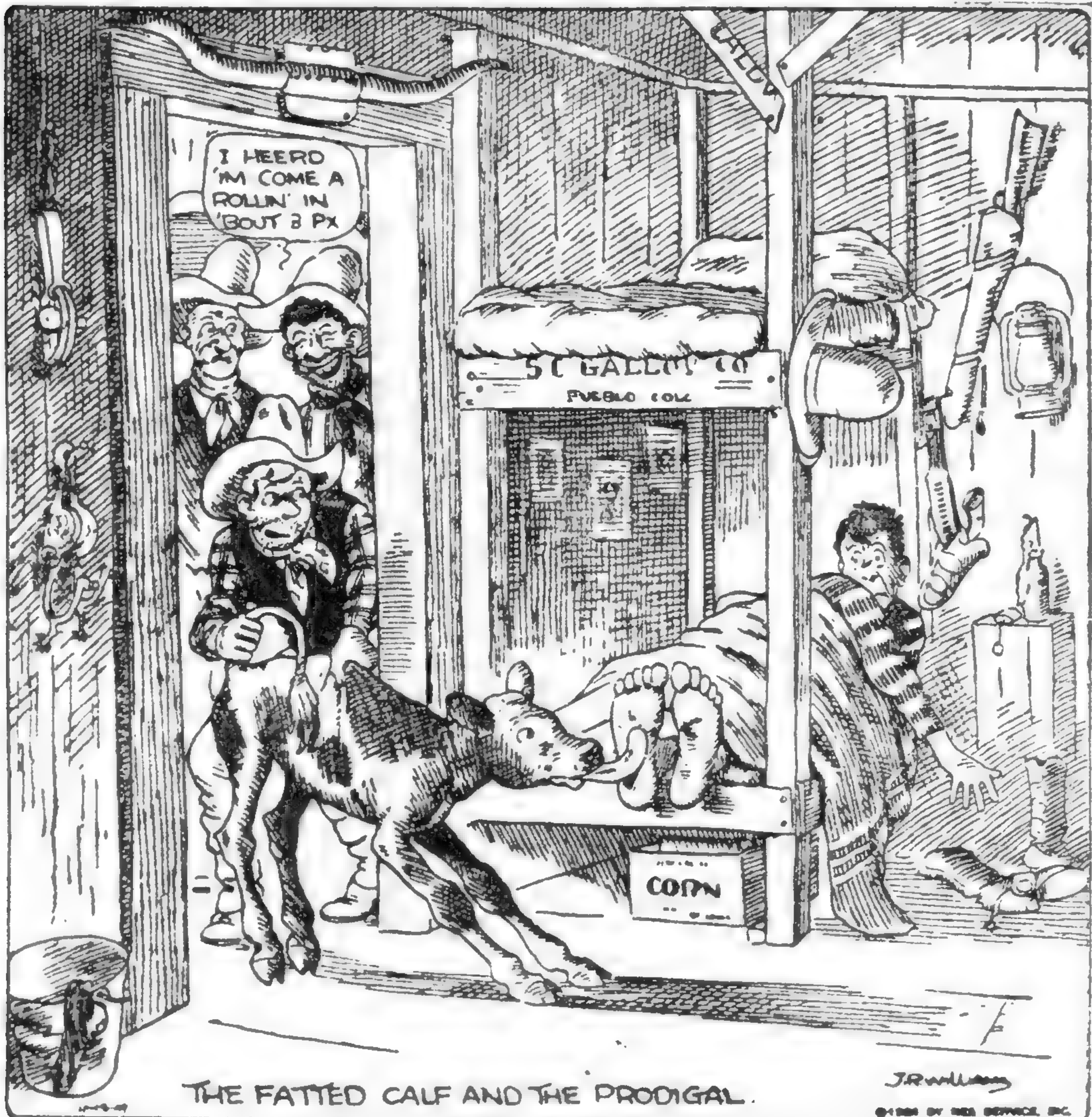
I'M REAL GLAD
YOU STOPPED IN.
WHY YOU MIGHT
HAVE FELL IN A
WELL OR SOMETHING
HUNTING FOR CATTLE
ON A DARK NIGHT
LIKE THIS—A-AND
RUINED YOUR SUNDAY
SUITS. COME RIGHT
IN.



SMOKY AND COTTON FIND THAT A POOR EXCUSE
IS WORSE THAN NONE, WITH THE SCHOOL MA'AM.

JE Williams

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE FATTED CALF AND THE PRODIGAL.

J.R. Williams

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INDUCKLEW AND THE FATTENED P. B. BLOCCED

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

NOTICE HOW THIS YERE HOSS
SWELLS UP LIKE A POISONED
PUP WHEN YUH GO T'TIGHTEN
TH' CINCH? WELL ALL YUH NEED
TUH DO IS GIVE 'IM A GOOD
BUMP IN TH' BELLY WITH YORE
KNEE AN YANK UP TH SLACK
IN TH— NEVUH MIND CHOCLUT!
IM SHOWIN HER HOW TUH DO
THIS ALLRIGHT, AINT I?

I KNOW,
BUT YUH
BETTUH LET
ME SHOW
HER CURLY.

CURLY WOULD BE A BETTER INSTRUCTOR
IF HE COULD DO IT WITHOUT TALKING

J. R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

COVOTES?
WELL-UH-AH
A-ARE THEY
DANGEROUS?
THAT IS. WILL
THEY ATTACK
PEOPLE?

WELL NO. THEY AINT SO ADT
TUH JUMP YUH EF THEY
THINK YORE ALIVE. JEST
KEEP AWIGGLIN' YORE TOES
SO THEY WONT MAKE NO
MISTAKE. GITS TUH BE A
HABIT IN A COUPLE MONTHS
OR SO. FELLER FROM OVUH
CHICAGO WAY FORGOT IT
ONE NIGHT. WELL SUH WE
DID ALL WE COULD. WE
CHIPPED IN AN BOUGHT IM
A WOODEN LEG. -2-2
2-2-2-2-7

CALMIN' A FIRST NIGHTER.

J. Williams

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

"FULL MANY A GEM O' PUREST
RAY SERENE, THE DARK
UNFATHOM'D CAVES OF
OCEAN BEAR"— SHET UP
YOUR SELFS! I'M IMPROOVIN'
MY GRAMMUH— ELEVATIN MY
SEFF ABOVE CERTIN RIFF RAFF.
BUT TH' ENVIROMINT AN EVIL
INFLOONCE IS THREE TUH
ONE AGIN ME.

SHUT UP
AN READ
THET TUH
YUHSEFF!
IT THROWS
ME OFF 'NE
LOST FOH
MATCHES
ALREADY.

ONE MORE PAGE
O' THET MISTUH
SMOKY AN YUH'LL
GIT ELEVATED
WITH A STUFFED
BOOT!

S.C.G.A.
PUEBLO



PAINES

LOCAL INTERFERENCE

JR Williams

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

WELL SUH, 'BOUT 2 PX I HEERS A
TURRIBLE WA-A-A-AW AN I WAKES
UP AN THAR WUZ PORE HANK A WALKIN'
UP AN' DOWN JES' LIKE THIS, WITH ONE
IN EACH ARM, AN' HE KEP A SAYIN'
"POPPA SPANK-POPPA SPANK" NO SUH-
I WONT NEVUH VISIT NO MORE MARRIED
COUPLES! I AINT COT UP WITH MY SLEEP
YIT. PORE HANK, HE MARRIED TH'
SCHOOL MA'AM BEFORE THIS'N'.

YEE-EE-HEE-
PORE SMOKY-
I-I MEAN
HANK.

WHUT? GOIN
OUT FOH A
WALK IN THIS
TURRIBLE RAIN?
WHY YUH'LL
GIT DROWNDID.

BETTUH
TH'N BEIN'
CAGED UP
WITH A
BUNCH OH
BABOONS.

SMOKY TAKES HIS GOAT
OUT FOR A WALK

J. R. WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

KNELL, K-NELL
THET MEANS A
HAND MADE RIVER.
WE GOT THET RIGHT
NOW—LESSEE TH'
NEXT HARD ONE IS
L-E-A—CHINESE I
RECKIN. HOWS THET
GO COTTN? LEE AN
OR LEE-UH?

NO, KNELL AINT
PRONOUNCED
CANAL—ITS 'NELL,
K SILENT. AN LEA
IS PRONOUNCED
LEE, A-SILENT.
REMEMBER NOW,
KNELL AN LEA.
START'ED OVER
AGIN, TH CURFEW
TOLLS TH KNELL—
SHET UP
WRLY!

NELL AN LEE?
SA-AY, HOW LONG
YOU SOD BUSTERS
BEEN DOWN FROM
TH' HILLS? THET'S
A GEL'S NAME.
'NELL LEE. WHER'S
YORE BRAINS?



THE INTERPRETERS

J.P. WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THET'S WHUT I LOVE
ABOUT THESE HILLS
MA'AM, IS TH' SOLITUDE.
JUS' LISSEN HOW CLEAR
TH ECHO COMES BACK.
YA-A-AH OO-OO-
YOO-HOO-OOOO-

SHET UP, YUH
COFFEE COLORED,
ORGAN LUNGED,
JUG HAID! WHO
KIN HUNT, WITH
YOU A SCARIN' ALL
TH' DEER OUTUH
TH STATE?



EVEN A PERFECTLY GOOD ECHO WILL
DEVELOP A LOT OF STATIC, IF "CURLY"
HAPPENS TO BE HUNTING IN THE VICINITY.

J.R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

YESSUH I FOUND IT
RIGHT NUNDUH HIS
PILLUH. AN ITS MARKED
"Merry Xmas from
Smoky to the School
ma'am" WILL WE ODEN
ER UD:

SHORE!:
ODEN ER
UD! WE
KIN FIX
ER BACK
LIKE IT
WAS

GO HAID!
HAW-HAW!
LE'S SEE
WHUT HES
A SENDIN
HER-HAW
HAW!

PUTTING PUNCH INTO
THE OPENING ACT.

J.R. Williams

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PULL THET FOOT
OUTUH TH' MUD!
NOW— LEFT FOOT
FORRARD! LEFT!
THARS YORE LEFT
FOOT! THET'S IT!
FEEL IT?

SAY YOU
AJNT FLANKIN
NO CAFF! HOW
KIN I WATCH
MY FEET WITH
YOU A STRANGLE
HOLTIN' ME?

WHO
STRUCK
TH' FUST
BLOW?

NO, TAIN'T NO
FIGHT— SMOKY'S
A LEARNIN TUH
DANCE— FROM
TH' BELT UP



THE HESITATION WALTZ.

J. Williams

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WHUT'S EATN ON HIM?
ALL I WAS DOIN WAS
READIN THET PIECE
OUTUH TH' PAPER ABOUT
SCHOOL MA'AMS LOSIN'
THER JOBS EF THEY
GOT MARRIED. IS IT
SWELLIN UP?

WELL ALL I SAID
WAS—THET "SOME
PEOPLE WOULDN' BE
SO CRAZY T' MARRY
NO SCHOOL MAAM,
EF SHE COULDN'
SUPPOHT A HUSBIN."
YES, IT'S AGITTIN
BLUE.

I SORTA
RECKIN D
THEY WAS
AIMIN THET
CONVUSATION
AT YOU
SMOKY.

WELL MY
AIM WERENT
SO BAD
EITHUH!

JR Williams

THE WORM TURNS

WELL FOLKS, AFTER MUCH PERSUASION "SMOKY" HAS CONSENTED TO CONTRIBUTE TO OUR CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT BY SINGING THAT BEAUTIFUL SONG— "CHRISTMAS CHIMES"

IT'S BEOOTIFUL NOW - BUT - EE - HEE - I'VE HEERD HIM BEFORE.

THE LAMB AND THE WOLVES.

J.R.WILLIAMS

"KNIGHTS O' TH' SADDLE"! "RIDERS O' TH' PLAINS".
WHAR DO THEY GIT THEH STUFF? I AINT BEEN INTO
A SADDLE FOH SO LONG I'M A GITTN' KNOCK KNEED.
WHO DO THEY FIGGER BUILDS ALL THESE YERE DRIFT
FENCES AN CORRALS? SHORELY NOT US KNIGHTS O' TH
SADDLE-US RIDERS. ALL TH' PITCHERS I EVER SEE
IS SHOOTIN' AN GALLOPIN ER LINED UP AGIN A BAR.
WHUT I WANT TUH KNOW IS- WHO DOES ALL TH
LABOR IN THIS COW COUNTRY?



J.R. WILLIAMS

CURLY WOULDNT MIND BEING CLASSED WITH
LEISURE CLASS IF HE HAD THE LEISURE.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THAT'S A RATHER
LIFELESS DOSE
SMOKY. CANT
YOU ACT MORE
NATURAL?
YOU KNOW
A LITTLE
MORE ACTION.

WAIT MA'AM TELL
I LAY THIS CIGARETTE
BUTT DOWN. HE'LL
COME T LIFE WHEN
HE SEES IT. AN ACK
NATRUL - YOU KIN GIT
TH' ACTION WEN HE
GRABS FER IT

BETTUH FILL
THET OPEN
SPACE WITH
A HOSS
MA'AM SO
TH' PICTUH
WONT BE
ALL SCENERY.

SHE OTTER
HEV ONE,
O THEM
PANORAMER
CAMERAS T'
GIT THEM
LAIGS IN TH
PITCHER.



THE CRITICAL MOMENT

JR Williams

SYNOPSIS BY MCA SERVICE, INC.



THE NEW PUPIL

J.R. Williams

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

WHUT'S THET? YUH
HED A POSTIL CARD
FOH SMOKY, BUT
LOST IT ON TH'
WAY OVUH?

YAIS. BUT THET DONT MATTUH
MUCH, 'CAUSE I 'MEMBUH MOST
O' WHUT WAS ON IT. IT SAID
*I hear Smoky. You are cordially
invited to attend a chicken
dinner at*—RIGHT THARS WHAR
I'M STUCK—I FERGIT WHAR IT WAS
AT, AND WHO WRIT IT.



THE DAILY MAIL

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IT'S THISAWAY BOYS, MISTUH
WESLEY KINNETT IS WRITIN A BOOK
ON THE ROMANCE O' COWPUNCHIN'.
AN' HE WANTS TUH WORK RIGHT
WITH YOU BOYS SO'S HE CAIN
GIT TH' ROMANTIC ATMOSPHERE
INTO HIS BOOK.

SHORE, HE'S
JES IN TIME
TUH HED ME
BURY THEM
TWO HAWSES
WE HAD TUH
KILL YISTIDDY.
GIT YU SEFF
A SHOVEL
MISTUH.

WELL HE
KIN HELP
ME WITH
THIS HEAH
WHITE WASHIN'
TH COOK
SHACK AN'
BUNK HOUSE

ID' LIKE
A LITTLE
HELP TUH
GIT TH'
ENGINE
BACK INTUH
TH' FLIVUH.



THE ROMANCERS

JR. WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THAT'S RIGHT
NAOW, YU JEST
HOLD TIGHT ONTUH
TH' BOOT AN WEN
I GIVE YU' A SHOVE
OFF COMES MISTUH
BOOT. IT'S A WAY
US COWMEN HAS
O' GITT'N OUR
BOOTS OFF.

YES-YES
I WANT TO
LEARN ALL
THESE LITTLE
THINGS FOR
MY BOOK.

PRUNES

THE BOOT JACK.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

DOES THIS SOUND
ALL RIGHT TO YOU?
"PANDEMONIUM BROKE
LOOSE AND THE LIGHTS
WENT OUT, AS TWO GUN
GERBER STAGGERED OUT
OF THE SALOON DOOR
WITH TWO SHOTS IN HIM."

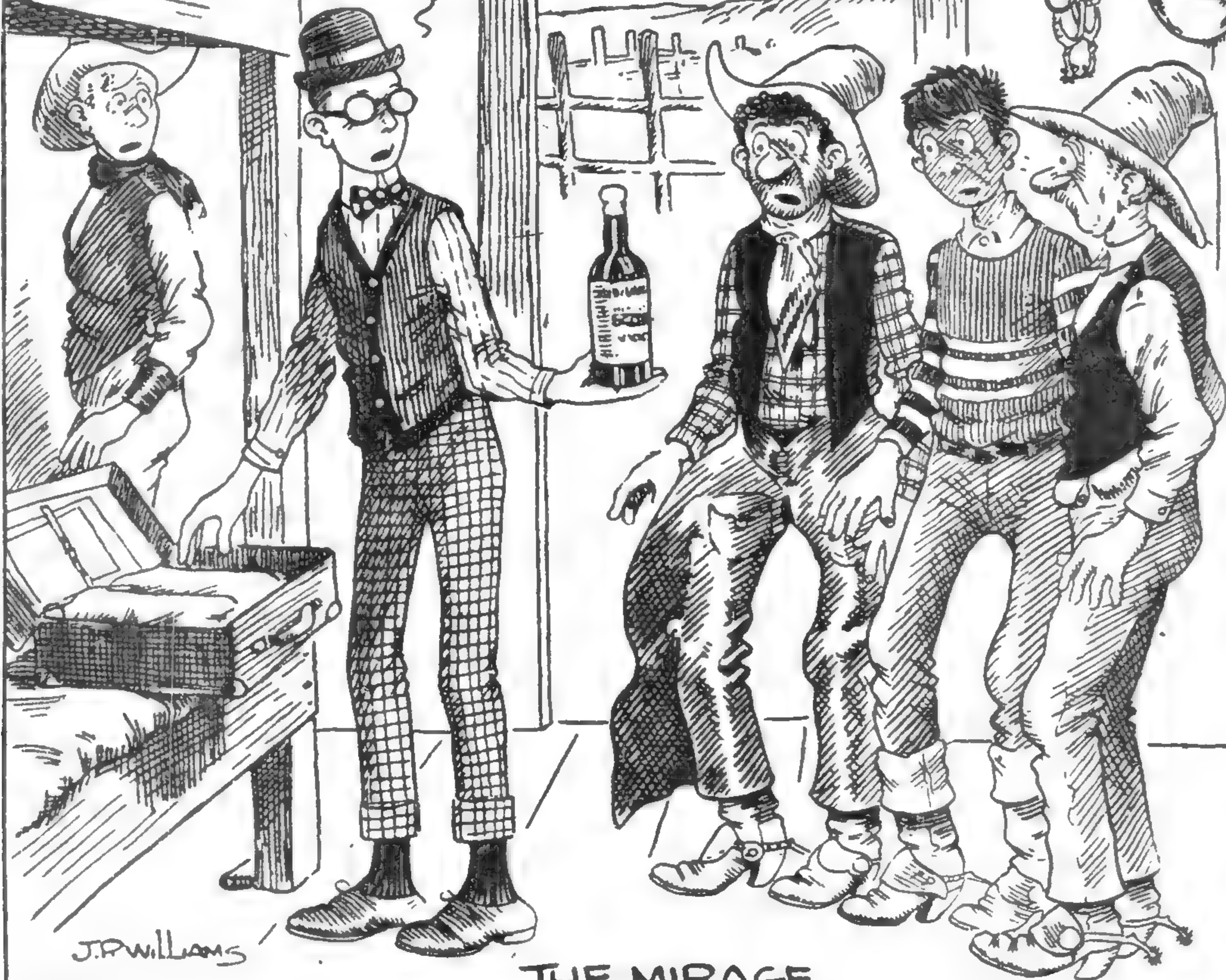
WELL, I'D CHANGE THET FUST WORD.
TH CHANDELIER BROKE LOOSE
AN' TH LIGHTS WENT OUT. SOUNDS
BETTUH. AN' I'D GIVE THET TWO
GUN FELLER A FEW MORE SHOTS..
TANT LIKELY HE'D BE A
STAGGERIN WITH ONLY
TWO SHOTS O' LICKER
IN HIM.



THE CRITIC

J. Williams

THIS IS THE PURE STUFF.
I BROUGHT IT ALONG
FOR EMERGENCY—BUT I'LL
GIVE YOU FELLOWS SOME—
IF YOU EVER HAPPEN TO
GET BITTEN BY A SNAKE.



THE MIRAGE.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

M-M-UH - I HEERD 'IM
RATTLE, BUT HE GRABS
ME BEFOH I KIN JUMP.
M-M-UH - A LITTLE LICKUH
MIGHT SAVE MY LIFE.
OO-OO-UH!

WHUT? A SNAKE BITE
THRU THEM THICK CHAPS
AN' BOOTS? HAR-HA-HAW-
H - HUH ??? OH-A-A
YESSIR, THEY'LL DO IT
EVERYTIME. I'VE
SEEN EM DO IT.



J.R. WILLIAMS

2-3

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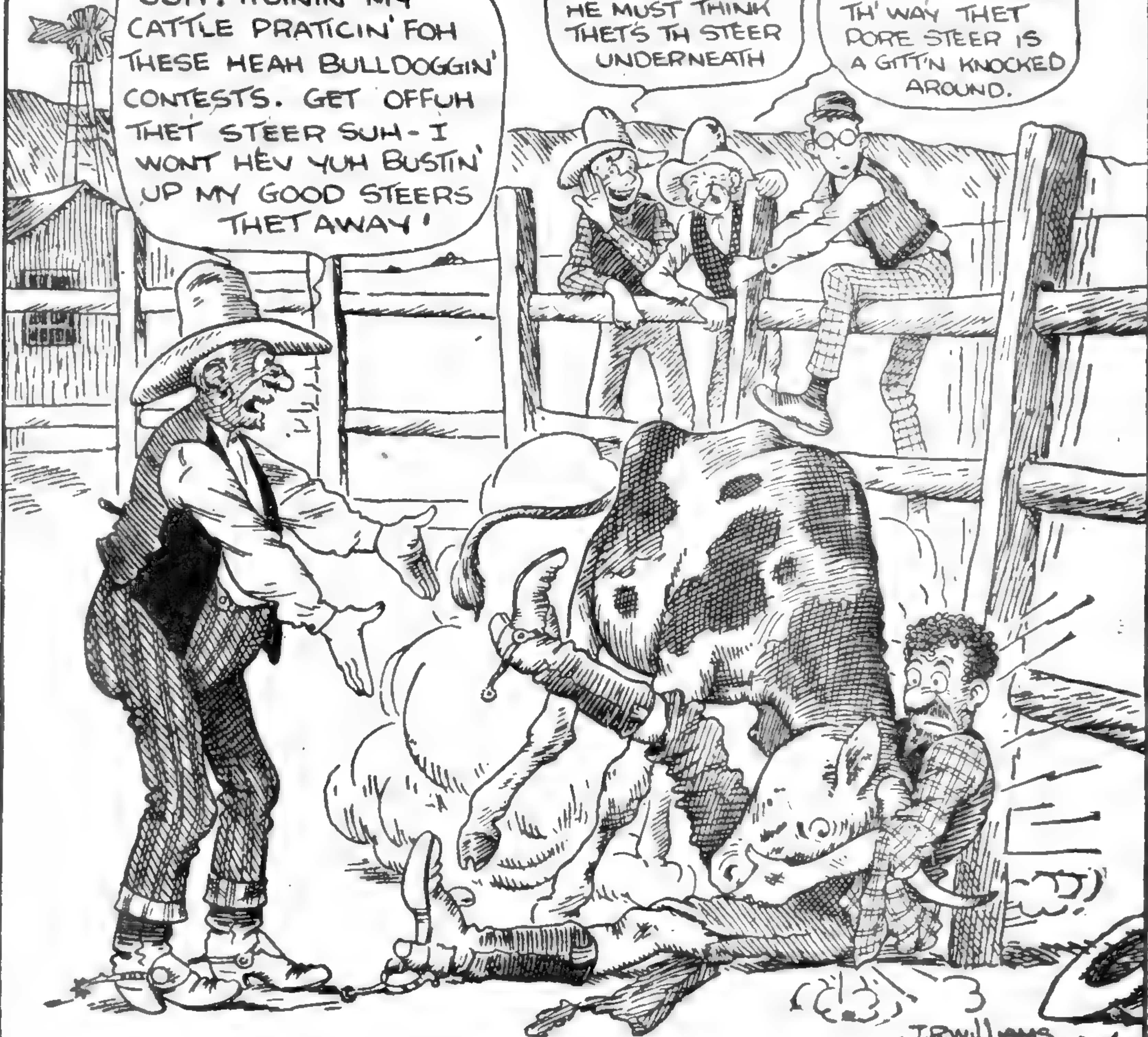
PLAYIN' FOR THE DRINKS

THE QUART

I WONT HEV THET
SUH! RUININ' MY
CATTLE PRATICIN' FOH
THESE HEAH BULLDOGGIN'
CONTESTS. GET OFFUH
THET STEER SUH - I
WONT HEV YUH BUSTIN'
UP MY GOOD STEERS
THET AWAY!

TH' OL MAN AINT
GOT HIS SPECKS -
HE MUST THINK
THET'S TH STEER
UNDERNEATH

I DONT BLAME
IM. ITS TURRIBLE
TH' WAY THET
PORE STEER IS
A GITTN' KNOCKED
AROUND.



THE BULL DOGGER

J.F. Williams 3-6

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

AMETHYST—TOPAZ—
SAFFRON—MAUVE—
NO ARTIST COULD
BLEND COLORS LIKE
THAT. GORGEOUS
PHANTASMAGORIA
ARE THE ONLY
WORDS THAT
CAN DESCRIBE IT

WELL I'LL BE BLABBED! IS THET
WHUT THET IS ? THARS
TH' VALUE O' EDICATION. HERE
I BEEN A SEEIN THET FOH
THUTTY YEAHS AN I ALLERS
THOUGHT IT WAS TH' SUN
A SETT'N.



LOCAL COLOR

J.R. WILLIAMS
2-10

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COOK'S IN HIS
SHANTY ♪
RINGIN TH' BELL.
CURLY'S ON HIS
STUMMICK ♪
MADDER THN—
A WET HEN.

GENTS FUST
CURLY! NEVER
GIT IN FRONT
OF A GENTLEMAN
HEADIN' FER
GRUB.

HEY!
WHUT
POLECAT
TRIPPED
ME UP?

THE STAMPEDE.

JR. WILLIAMS
2-21

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

DID YOU BOYS PUT THAT POOR YOUNG MAN UP TO GETTING ONTO THAT TERRIBLE DAN HANDLE PETE BRONC?

WHY, NO MA'AM. HE'S WRITIN' A TWO THOUSAN' WORD STORY CALLED "TH RIDIN' FOOL" FROM HIS OWN EXPERIENCE. BUT WE COULDN'T STRETCH TH EXPERIENCE T' MORE'N TWO WORDS.

KEEP A GOIN' ITS ONLY A COUDLE MORE STEPS.



NO TIME FOR WORDS.

J.R. WILLIAMS
2-24

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FAN 'IM!
FAN 'IM!
FORE HE
GITS
LOOSE.

WAIT'LL I GIT
A DIFFERENT
HOLT ON 'IM.
MY HEADS
TOO CLOSE
TO TH'
TARGIT.

HOW MANY LICKS
DOES HE GIT BOYS
FER TELLIN' US T'
GO'N BUY OUR'
OWN CIGARETTES?

GO AHAIID! DO
YORE WUST.
'IM THRU FEEDIN
CIGARETTES TUH
YOU BUMS.

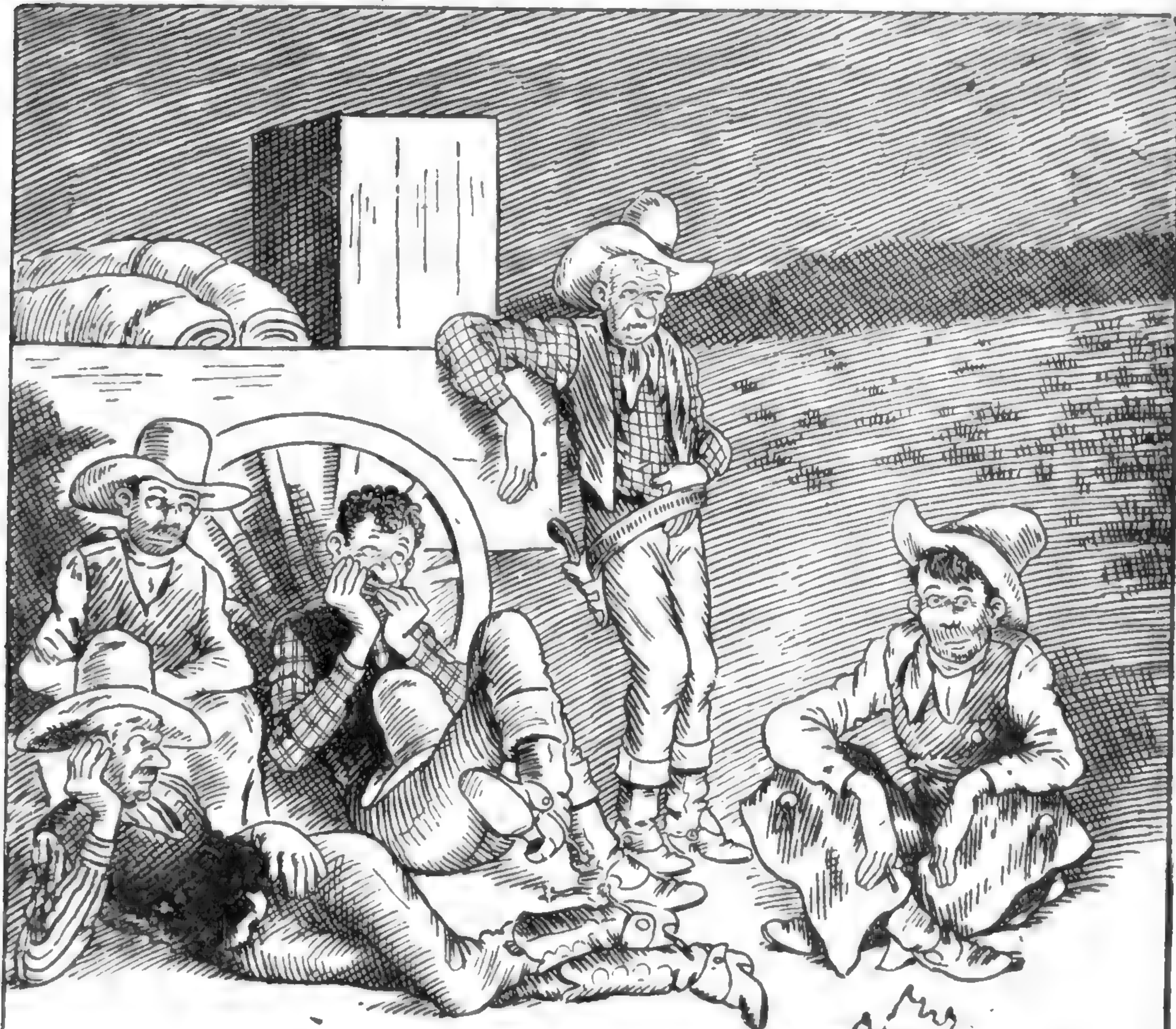


CHAP COURT MARTIAL

J.R. WILLIAMS 2-27

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



WE'VE HEARD SOME CLASSIC MUSIC
BUT IT SOUNDED AWFUL PUNK,
AFTER HEARIN' CURLY'S MOUTH HARP
ROUND A BLAZIN' MESQUITE CHUNK.

J.R. Williams

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

KEEP THAT HEAD
STILL SMOKEY.
SAY CURLY!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO WALK AFTER
THE BALL - NOT
RIDE

YAIS I KNOW - BUT
BY TH' TIME I HIT
THIS MANGY HUMMIN'
BIRDS AIG, I'LL BE
TOO FAGGED OUT
TUH BE WALKIN
AFTUH IT.

♪ ♪
"STRAY IN TH' HERD &
BOSS SEZ KILL IT.
SO I SHOT 'IM IN ♪
TH T-BONE WITH A
CAST IRON SKILLIT."
YOOPA TIDDY YA



J.R. WILLIAMS

DRIVIN' OFF - AND ON

3-6

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

YOU SEE CURLY,
THIS GAME IS
PLAYED BY HOLES.
YOU CAN EITHER
PLAY A NINE HOLE
GAME OR EIGHTEEN
HOLES.

SEVEN-EIGHT-
NINE-RECKIN
I'LL HEFTUH MAKE
THIS A EIGHTEEN
HOLE GAME. I
GOT MORE'N
NINE HOLES NOW.

NINE'S ENUFF
CURLY. CHINA'S
RIGHT UNDOH
US. THER PURTY
STRICT ABOUT
LETT'N CHINKS
INTO THIS
COUNTRY



THE SOD BUSTER.

3-10

J.R. WILLIAMS

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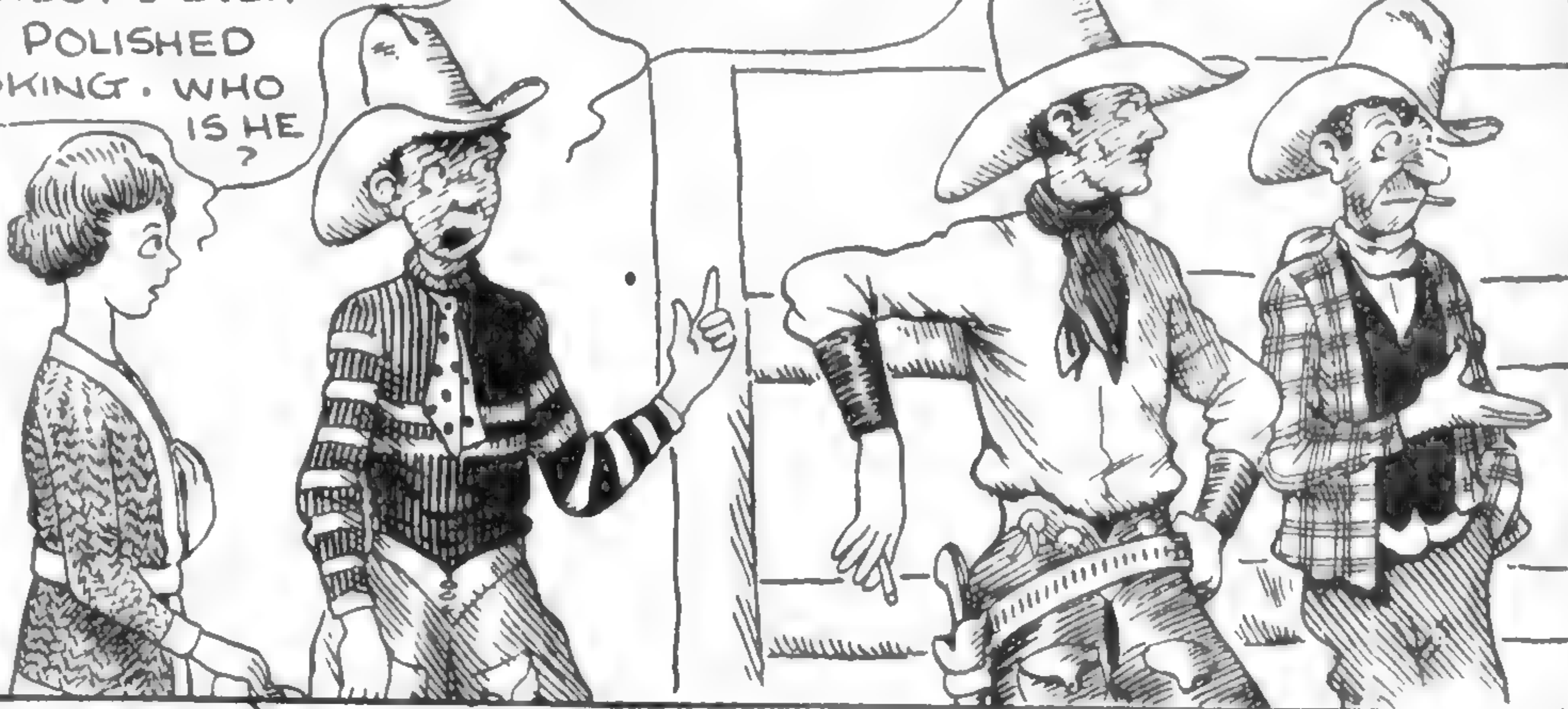
THE DEMONSTRATION.

J.R.WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

OH SMOKEY, THAT'S
THE MOST HANDSOME
AND ROMANTIC LOOKING
COWBOY I EVER SAW.
SO POLISHED
LOOKING. WHO
IS HE?

OH OLL, COME
HEAH AN MEET
MISS VANCE' TH
SCHOOL MA'AM.



YES MA'AM
VERY POLISHED
LOOKIN.

WILD BUT
NOT SO
WOOLY.
EH. OLL?



JR. WILLIAMS

3-17

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NEA SERVICE

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

I HEAR-R-RD MY DEAR
OL' MOTHUH SAAY-HAY
YORE AS WELCOME
AS TH FLOWHERS IN
MUH HAY. AND WE LOVE
YUH IN TH' SA-HAME
OL-LD WAY.

BUT MY BOY TAKE OUR
ADVICE. CAUSE TH SHERRIFS
BEEN HEAH TWICE. AND
THEY'RE WATCHIN ALL OUR
MAIL. AN THEY'VE BUILT A
BRAN'NEW JAIL. SO YUH
BETTUH STAY AWAY. CAUSE
HE LOVES YUH IN TH' SAME
HO-L-L'D WAY - TH SHERRIF I MEAN.



NIGHT HERDIN.

JR WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

W-WHY-AA I'LL HAVE TO
CHANGE THAT PARAGRAPH
I WROTE ABOUT COWBOYS
BEING IMMUNE TO THE
SUFFERINGS OF DUMB
ANIMALS. BOYS I-I'M
SORRY, I DID
YOU AN INJUSTICE.

B-HOO-HOO
IT JES MAKES
MY HEART BLEED
T' PUT THIS HOT
IRON ON THE T
PORE LIL' CAFF.
BOO-HOO-OO

OH-OH-OH!
I SUFFER
TURRIBLE WEN
I THINK O' ALL
TH' PORE LITTLE
CAFFIES I'VE
TORTURED THISA
WAY B-HOO.

SM-M-M PH-
PORE LIL' THINGS
I JES CAINT
STAND THIS MANY
MORE YEARS.



FOR PUBLICATION.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

CURLY CAME TEARIN
INTO TOWN AN TOLD
US THERE WAS A
YOUNG MEXICAN OUT
HEAH AT THIS DOBE
CUTTIN UP SOMETHIN'
SCANDLOUS.

IT MUS'
BE SO
EF CURLY
TOLD YU.

COME OUT
I SAY ! AND
WITH YORE
HANDS HIGH
AN EMPTY.

QUIEN
ES ?

CURLY FINALLY GOT EVEN WITH THE
SHERIFF FOR THE NIGHT HE SPENT IN JAIL .

J.R. WILLIAMS

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"THE APPLE KNOCKER"

I WANT
YOU TO
HAVE A
LITTLE LUNCH
WITH ME
BEFORE YOU
GO BOYS.

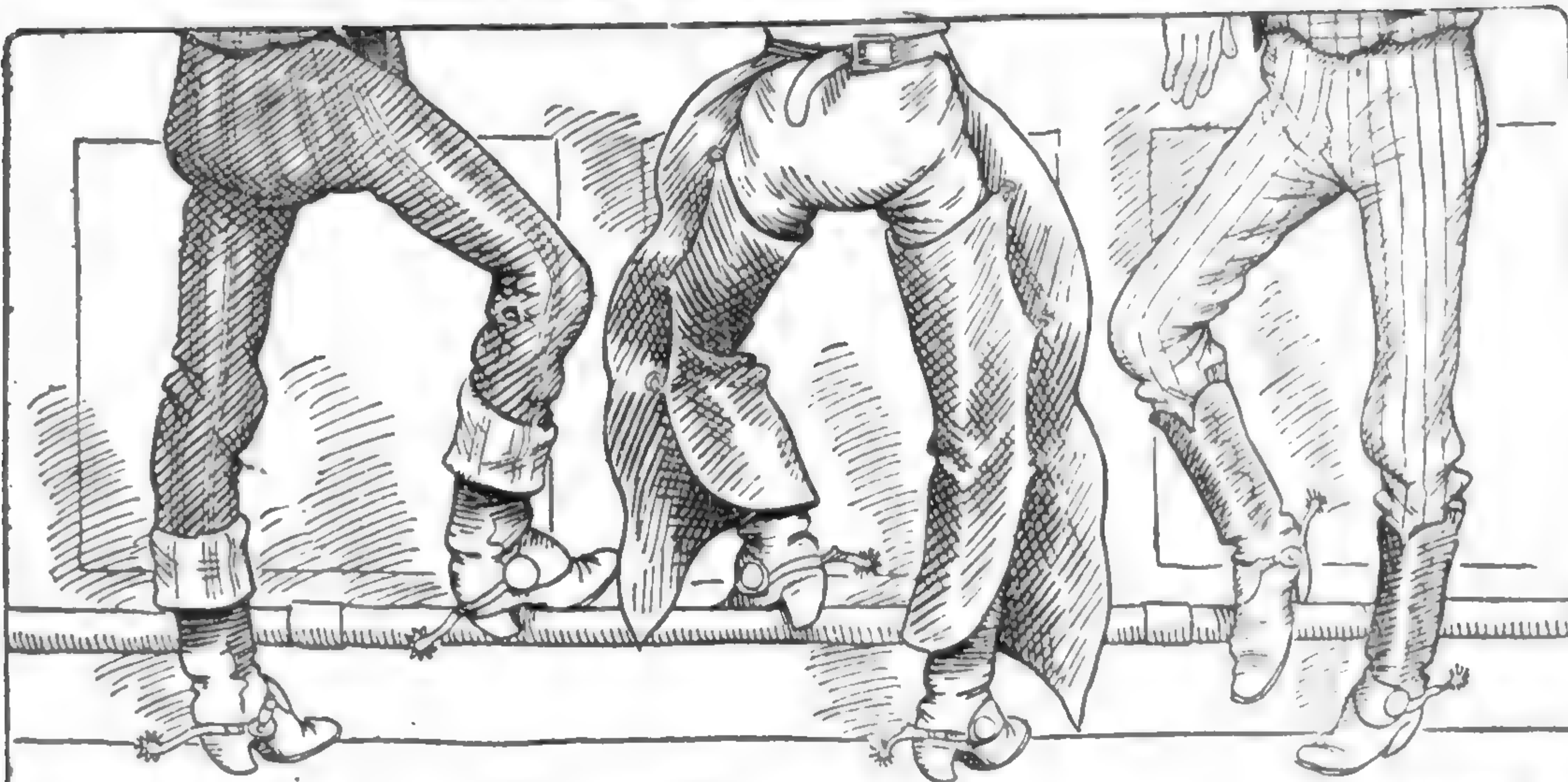
GRUB PILE!
COME AN GIT
YORE BLOODY
WOLF BAIT!



CHUCK WAGONS.

J.R. WILLIAMS

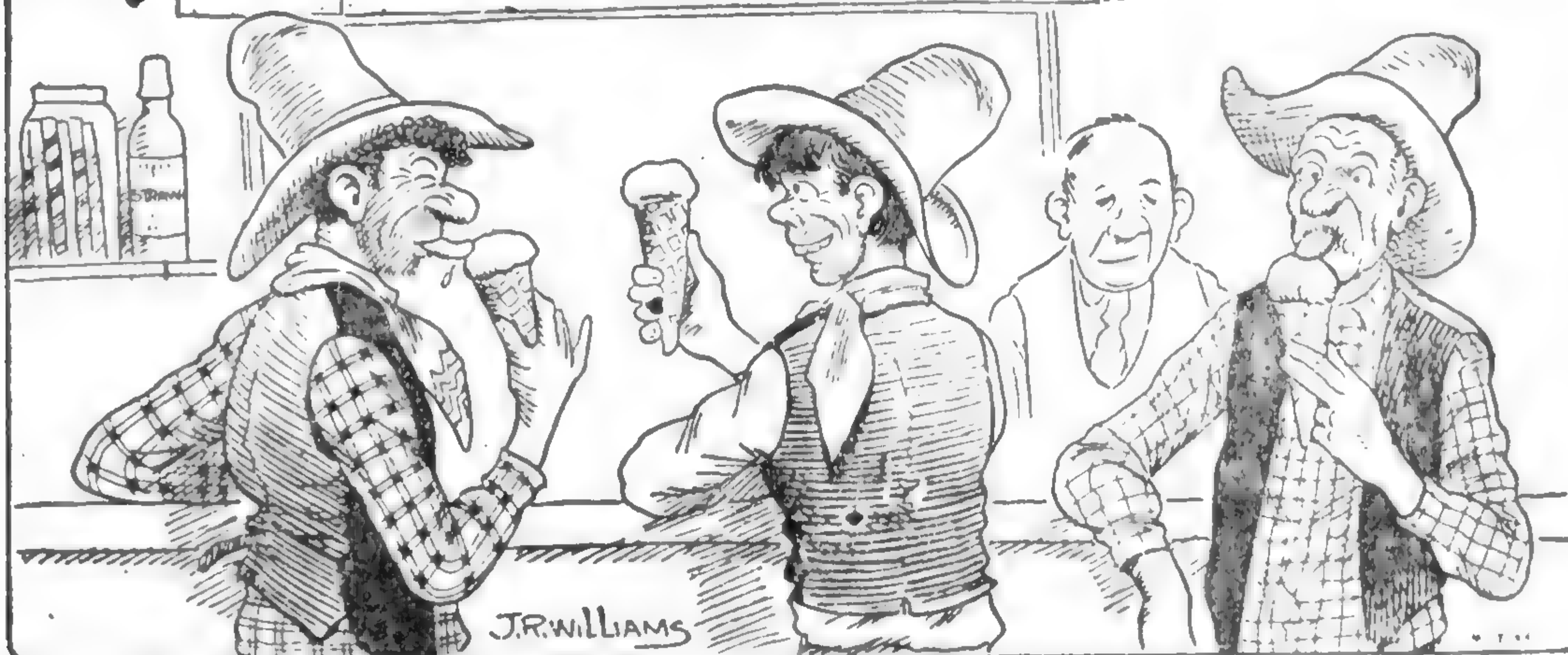
OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



HAVE ONE ON US.

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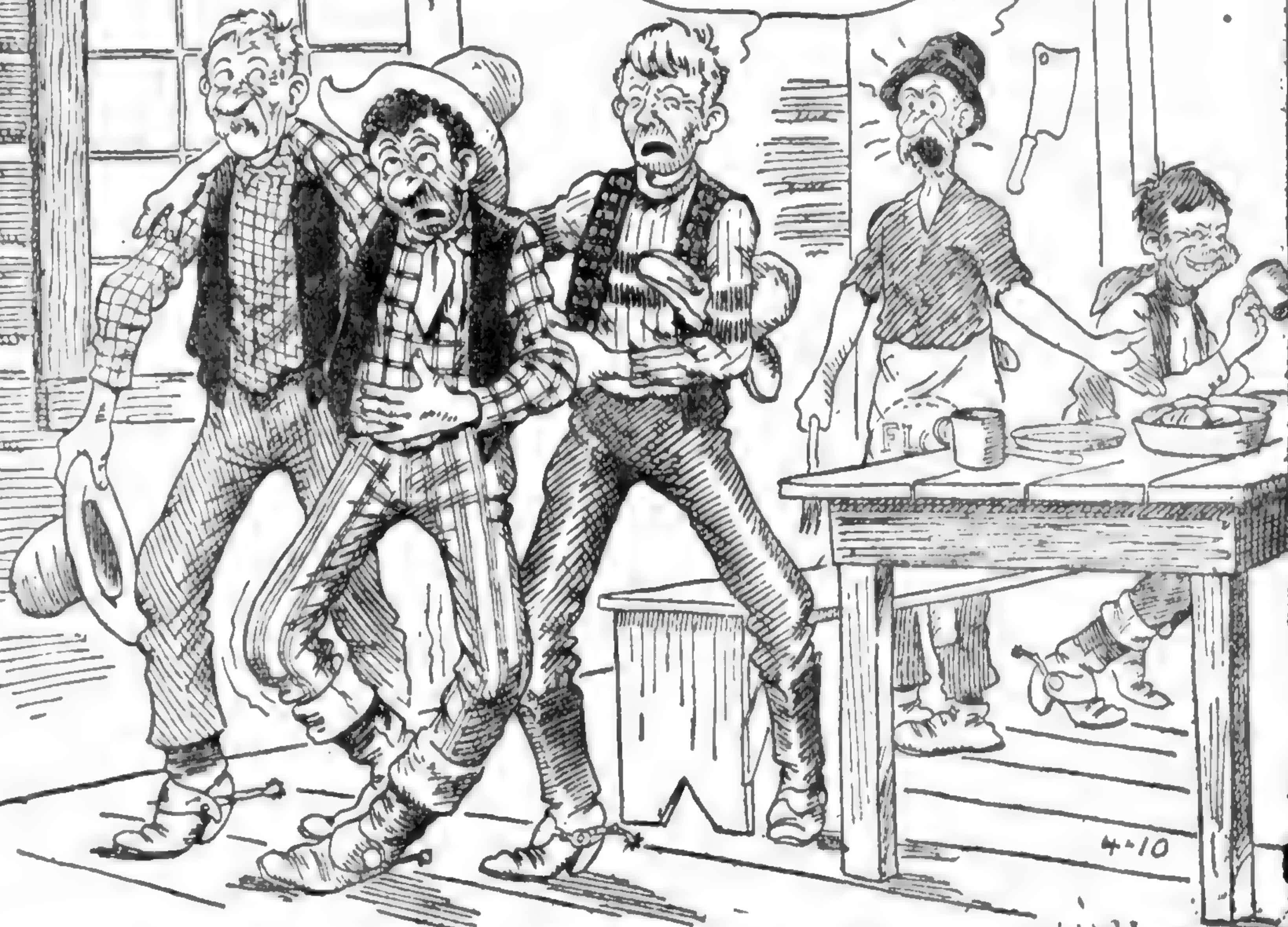
FIRST CHANCE ~~CALCULATIONS~~
BE POP SODAS ICE CREAM



BOYS, I'M DONE FER! MY
LAIGS JES WONT HOLD UP
UNDUH TWO O' THEM BISCUITS.
TH' FUST ONE SHOULD O' BEEN
A LESSON T' ME. — I
MISTJUDGED MY CARRYIN
POWER. BOYS IM
SINKIN FAST.

OH-OH-OH-MY
PORE BUNKIE.
DRAGGED DOWN
BY TOO MUCH
DOUGH — B' HOO.

YU CAINT FOOL
ME. YU RAZOR
BACKED POLE CAT!
YU NEVER ET
A ONE O' THEM
BISCUITS. THEY
AINT A ONE
GONE.



THE COMMITTEE ON BISCUIT REFORM.

JR. WILLIAMS
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WHY STIFFY!
A CUTTIN' UP THIS
AWAY, AFTUH US
BORROWIN' THIS
SUIT AN' PUTTIN' IT
ON YU AN' EVERY
THING.

BOYS YU DONT
MEAN YORE GOIN
T' TAKE MY PICTUH
IN THIS RIG? WHY
BOYS. YU DASSSENT.
I'D HEV T' LEAVE
TH' COUNTRY.

GIT TH' CAMERA READY
AN PUT TH' CANE AN
GLOVES IN HIS HAND!
THET WIDDER GITS
ONE O' THESE PHOTOS.
WE'LL GIT HIM
MARRIED YIT.



BRANDING A MAVERICK.

J.R. WILLIAMS

44-34

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

CURLY, I THINK I COULD
'MOUNT T' SOMETHIN EF
I HED A SWEET LITTLE
WIFE AN A COUPLE O'
BEAUTIFUL SUNNY HAIRED
KIDS T' WORK FER. IM
SICK O' THIS LIFE.

SO 'M I SMOKEY. BUT THEY DONT
TELL YU NOTHIN DEFINITE. HEAHS ONE.
"WIDDER WITH FIVE CHILDREN. WOULD
LIKE T' CORRESPOND WITH GENTLEMAN
OBJECT MATRIMONY—HAVE SOME MONEY.
BUT, HOW MUCH MONEY? AND IS
THEM KIDS OLD ENUFF T' WORK?
THET'S TH KETCH.



CURLY WANTS A FAMILY TO SUPPORT — HIM.

J.R. WILLIAMS

4-17

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HAR-HAR-HAW-HAW-
EXCUSE ME SMOKEY-
BUT I-EE-EE I CAINT
HEP IT. EVER TIME I-
I THINK O' YU SLIDIN'
DOWN THET MOUNTIN'
WITH TH' HOSS ON TOP
ALL TH' WAY-I-I-WHY
I JEST CAINT-HAW-HAW

HAW-HAW-I
KIN SEE 'IM YIT!
TH' HAWSE WAS SO
GLAD T' GIT A RIDE
EE-HEE THET HE
LOOKED RIGHT MAD
WEN WE PULLED 'IM
OFF'N PORE SMOKEY.

I KNOWED
THEM COULDN'
BE TH' HOSS'S
BONES I HEERD
CRACKIN-CAUSE
HE WAS ON
TOP.



TURN TH' NEEDLE
OVER STIFFY.
MAYBE YU GOT
TH' WRONG END
UP. ER ELSE
THET NEEDLE AINT
AWAKE YIT.

A LITTLE MORE
THISAWAY STIFFY.
YORE ABOUT TWO
INCHES TOO FUR
EAST-NOW!NOW!
NOPE-TOO LATE.
YORE TWO INCHES
TOO FUR WEST
NOW.

YU CAINT DO IT
THETAWAY STIFFY.
YORE TRYINT' PUT
TH' NEEDLE ON TH
THREAD. YU SHOULD
PUT TH' THREAD
IN TH' NEEDLE



THREADIN' A NEEDLE

DROWN
'IM ?
WHUT
FER ?

GOIN' BY MISS VANCE'S,
SHE ASKED HIM IN T'
PICK OUT SOME BOOKS
FER US BOYS T' READ,
AN' HE BRINGS "ALICE
IN WONDERLAND" FER
SMOKEY, AN' A BOOK
ABOUT "JOHNNY MOUSE"
FER ME.

HONEST BOYS,
I WEREN'T TRYIN'
T' PLAY NO JOKE.
I WANTED T' BE
SHORE AN GIT
SOMETHIN THET
WEREN'T TOO
DEEP FER YUH.



THE BOOKWORMS TURN.

OTH.

CANDY BOOTH.

KISS BOOTH

THEY WANT YOU
TO RUN THE CAKE
BOOTH MISS VANCE
I TAKE YOUR PLACE
IN HERE.



REAL KISSES
\$1 EACH
ANNUAL SCHOOL
BAZAAR

TOO QUICK ON THE DRAW.

J.R. WILLIAMS
5-1

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

WEN HE SEZ-
"TAKE A STROLL
OVUH T' TOWN
WITH ME BOYS
AN I'LL SET UP
TH' FEEDS". IT
SOUNDED EASY.
IT WAS THET
WORD "STROLL"
THT FOOLED ME.

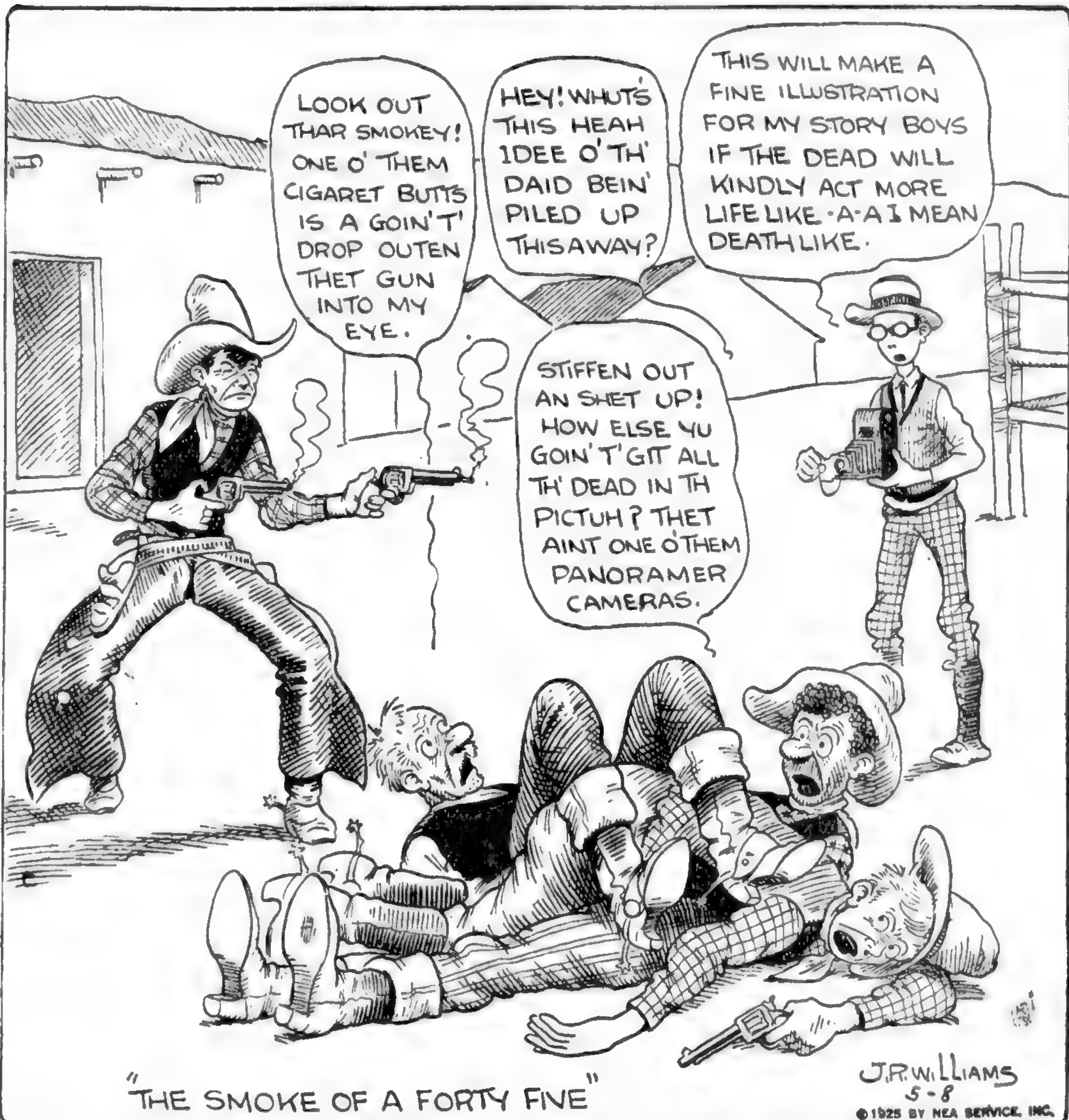
WE'LL FERGIVE YU
WES' EF YU'LL GO
IN AN' SEND A WAGON
OUT AFTUH US. EF YU
CAINT BORROW ONE
BUY IT!

BUT BOYS,
WE'VE ONLY
WALKED ABOUT
A MILE.

THE TENDERFEET.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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LOOK OUT
THAR SMOKEY!
ONE O' THEM
CIGARET BUTTS
IS A GOIN' T'
DROP OUTEN
THET GUN
INTO MY
EYE.

HEY! WHUT'S
THIS HEAH
IDEE O' TH'
DAID BEIN'
PILED UP
THISAWAY?

THIS WILL MAKE A
FINE ILLUSTRATION
FOR MY STORY BOYS
IF THE DEAD WILL
KINDLY ACT MORE
LIFE LIKE. A-A I MEAN
DEATH LIKE.

STIFFEN OUT
AN SHET UP!
HOW ELSE YU
GOIN' T' GIT ALL
TH' DEAD IN TH
PICTUH? THET
AINT ONE O' THEM
PANORAMER
CAMERAS.

"THE SMOKE OF A FORTY FIVE"

J.R. WILLIAMS
5-8

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W-W-W-THAR IT IS!
NOPE! THET'S
M - I'M LOOKIN'
AT IT UPSIDE
DOWN.

TURN THE
PAPER OVUH
AN' USE THE
M COTTN,
THEN TURN
IT BACK.

DOUBLEYA,
DOUBLEYA.
I KNOW
ITS HEAH
CAUSE I
USED IT
ONCE BY
MISTAKE.

DOUBLEYUH?
SOME BUDDY'S
BEN AFIXIN THET
ALPHABET BALER
AN GOT IT BACK
T'GETHER WRONG,
THEM A-B-C'S
DONT RUN IN
ORDER.

NICE
HORSIE

PRINES

THE STRAY.

J.R. WILLIAMS 5-12

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ROLL OUT QUICK
BOYS! TH' MULE
TEAMS HAS BROKE
LOOSE AN TH' HOSS
HERD IS STAMPEDIN!
RUN FER YORE
LIVES! WHOA!

WHOA!
WHOA!

SNORT
SNORT

HELP!
HELP!

A RUDE AWAKENING.

5-15

J.R. WILLIAMS
+ GIP AKIN. INC.

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THETS FUNNY,
THEY SENT
TH' SEAT
SEPARATE.
WEN DO YU
GIT TH'
BICYCLE?

THETS NO
BIKE SEAT
CURLY. ITS
A RECOIL
PAD FER
A SHOTGUN.

WHY NO
BOYS, THIS
IS A POLO
SADDLE:

ITS A
GAME
YUH
PLAY

OH-A GAME?
OH I SEE-YU
PLAY IT-NOT
RIDE IT-I DIDN'
THINK IT WAS
FER. RIDIN.



THE ALIEN.

J. WILLIAMS

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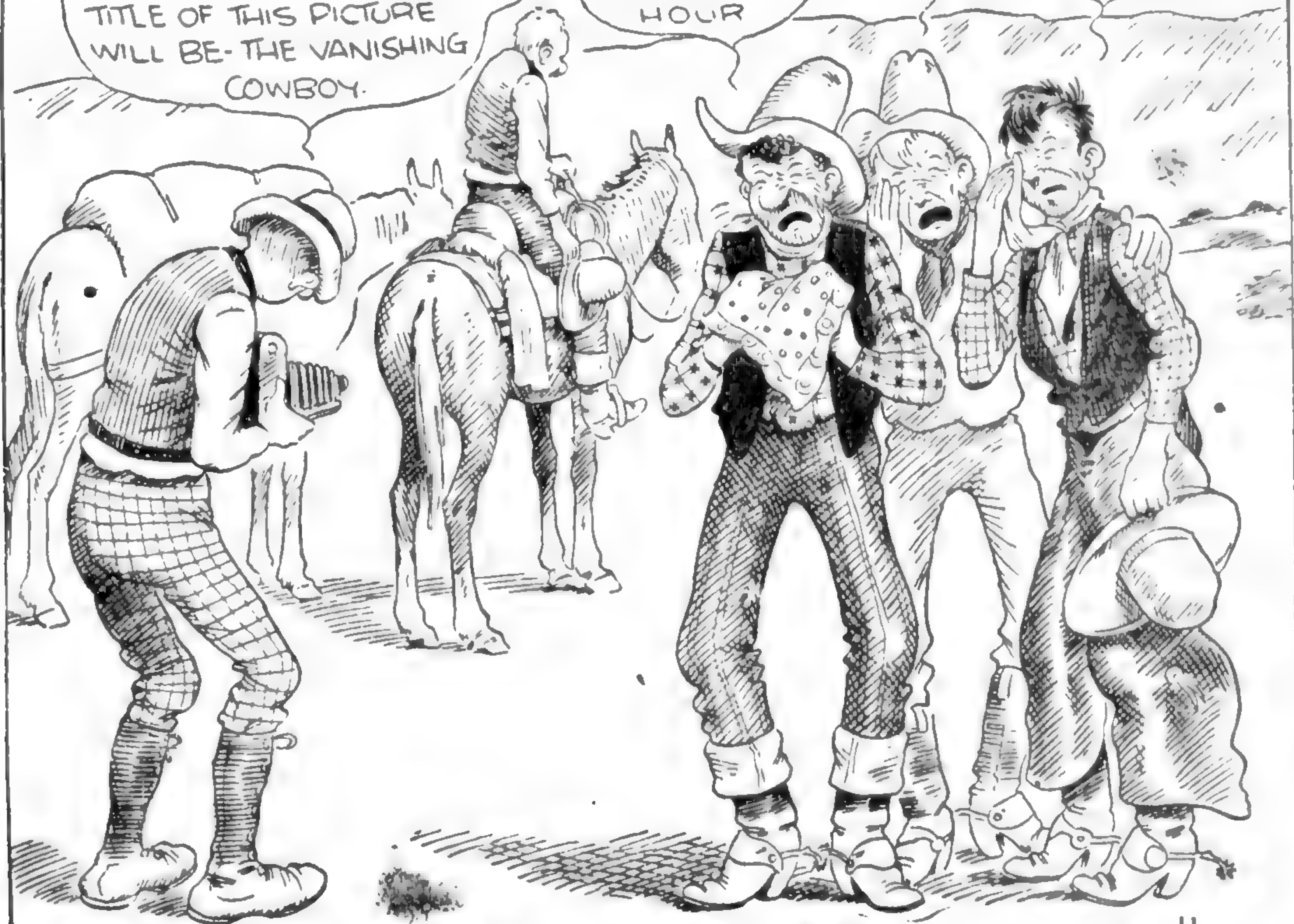
OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THAT'S IT STIFFY! JUST LOOK AS IF YOU WERE SAD AT LEAVING THE OLD SCENES. YOU'RE RIDING TOWARD THE SUNSET. A PATHETIC FIGURE. PUSHED EVER ONWARD BEFORE AN ADVANCING CIVILIZATION. THE TITLE OF THIS PICTURE WILL BE—THE VANISHING COWBOY.

BOO H-H-HOO I DONT DAST T' WATCH 'IM GO. HE WAS LIKE A FATHER T' ME -H-H HO. I WISH ID DIED AFORE THIS TURRIBULL HOUR

H-HE WAS LIKE-LIKE A GRANPA TUH ME. OH STIFFY. PLEASE DONT G-G-HO.

HE WAS MORE LIKE A GRANMA T' ME -A-A GRAND OL' WOMAN -I I-MEAN MAN



THE SUPPORTING CAST

J.R. WILLIAMS

5-22

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WHUT'S THET
WE'RE GOIN'
T'HAVE FOR
SUPPUH
CURLY?

IT'S AGOIN T BE PIE, EF I KIN
GIT IT THIN ENUFF! EF I CAINT
IT'LL BE BISCUITS ER DUMPLINS.
I AINT SHORE YIT. NOW WATCH
STIFFY, AN GRAB THET END WEN
I GIT IT ROLLED OUT, ER IT'LL
SPRING BACK WHERE IT WAS.

MY GOSH
YES STIFFY!
DONT LET
'ER FLY
BACK AN'
HIT ME.



THE SUBSTITUTE COOK:

THAT'S THE QUEEREST
THING I'VE NOTICED
SINCE I'VE BEEN
OUT HERE CURLY,
USING CANNED
MILK IN A COUNTRY
FULL OF COWS.

THEY PRODUCER TO
CONSUMER MOVEMENT
DONT SEEM T' TAKE HOLD
OUT HEAH EITHUH, WES.
YOU TOWN FELLERS DONT
KETCH A PIG EVERY TIME
YUH WANT A PORKCHOP.



THE ARISTOCRAT.

J.R. WILLIAMS 5-29

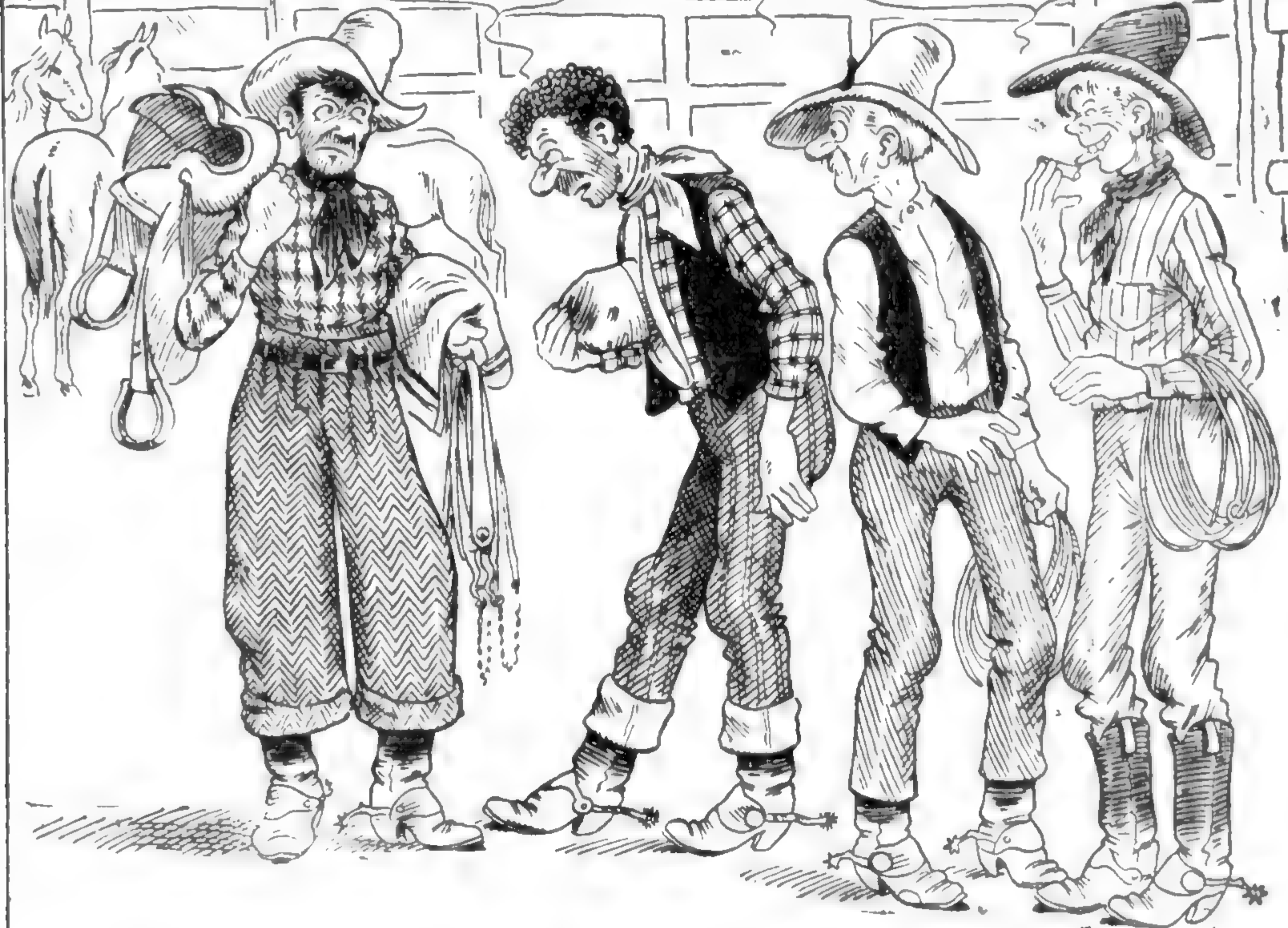
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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

GOOD MAWNIN MISS.
THETS A BEE OOTIFUL
RIDIN' SKIRT YU GOT
ON. I ADMIRE YORE
TASTE. SKIRTS IS SO
MUCH MORE MODEST
TH'N THEM BOLD RIDIN'
BRITCHES.

WHU -
WHUT
WHUT IN-

CLAIMS SOME O' US
FELLERS HID HIS
PANTS. HE BORRIED
THEM PANTS OFF'N
TH' DUDE. IT'S A BIG
IMPROVEMENT TOO.
ALL BOWLAIGGED MEN
SHUD WEAR EM.

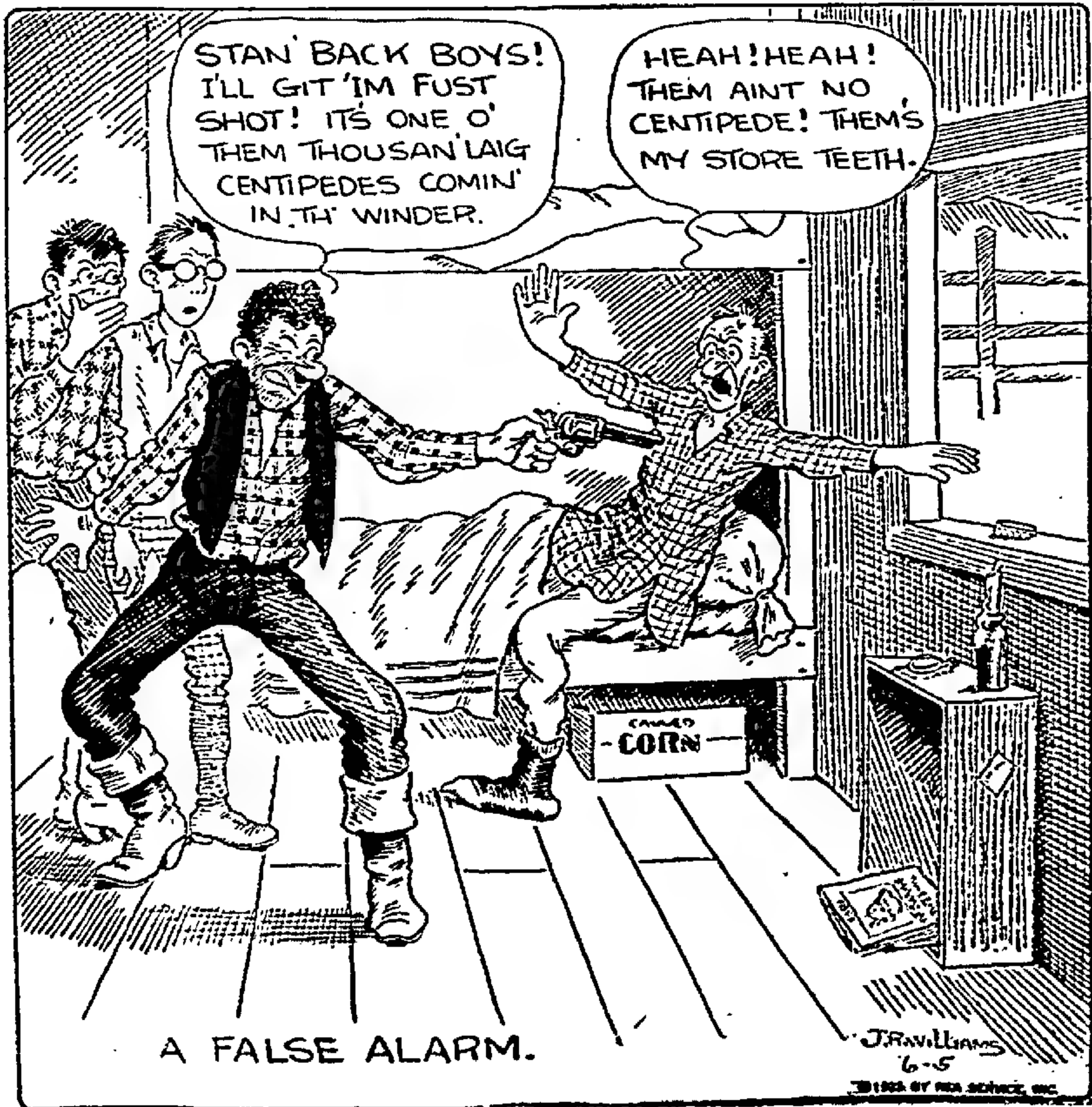


BORROWED PERSONALITY.

6-2

J.R. WILLIAMS

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MY STARS
MR. KINNET!
WHAT IN THE
WORLD HAS
HAPPENED?

YE GODS—THERES BEEN
A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! WE
HAD A SHAM BATTLE WITH
BLANKS B-B-BUT WHAT IF
THEY WERENT BLANKS—GULP—
SPEAK TO ME STIFFY—CURLY—
OH—HOW CAN I EVER PROVE
IT'S ALL A HORRIBLE
MISTAKE?



THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

JR. WILLIAMS
6-9

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BOYS,
I'VE SHOT
SOMETHING
!

NOW
SHOOT
ME.

HELLO! IS
THIS TH' GAS
COMP'NY? WELL
SEND SOME
PIPE OUT HEAH
QUICK! WE'VE
STRUCK GAS!

WHOO OOH!
BLACK 'N WHITE
AN BLEW ALL
OVER—THREE
GUESSES.
CONCENTRATE
BOYS.

TARPAULIN' BLUES.

J.R. WILLIAMS

6-12

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



YES SUH—I'M FROM TH' HEALTH DEPARTMENT, AN I GOT STRICK ORDUHS T' GIT SOME SAMPLES O' YORE COOKIN' T' BE ANALYZED T' SEE EF THEY COMPLY WITH TH' PURE FOOD LAWS. I SPECT ONE PIE AN A DOZEN DOUGHNUTS 'LL BE ABOUT ENUFF.

IT'S ALL OFF BOYS! HE SEES THRU IT. TAIN'T REGLAR T' WEAR A OVUH COAT IN SUMMUH.

HE'D NEVUH THINK O' THET. TH' COAT AINT LONG ENUFF. IT'S THEM LAIGS HE SEES THRU.



6-19

THE RUSTLER.

JR WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

I THINK I'VE GOT
YOU BEAT ON
THIS HOLE CURLY.
FOUR STROKES
FOR THE BALL
AND THREE TO
KILL A SNAKE.

NO YU AINT! I GOT
YOU BEAT. I TOOK
FIVE STROKES FER TH'
BALL AND ONE FER
A SNAKE. AN' LOOK,
HEAH 'WES"—BRING
YORE SNAKES WITH
YOU AFTUH THIS.



A RATTLING CLOSE GAME

J.R. WILLIAMS

6-23

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I DONT KNOW WHY, BUT I DIDNT FEEL ONE BIT FRIGHTENED WHEN THAT HORSE REARED BACK AND FELL WITH ME.

WELL I SHORE WAS! HONEST TO GOSH, I WAS SO SCAIRT MY KNEES WAS ACTUALLY KNOCKIN' T'GETHUH.

WABE

BECAUSE SMOKEY HAPPENS TO BE
STANDING IN THE DOORWAY IS NO REASON
WHY SCHOOL CANT LET OUT AS USUAL.

J.R WILLIAMS 6-26

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WHY I'D STAND UP AN
TELL ALL TH' TOUGHEST
HOMBRES IN THIS HULL
STATE HOW LITTLE I THOT
O' THEM. BUT I'M PLUMB
SCAIRT T' DEATH T' TELL
MISS VANCE HOW MUCH
I THINK O' HER. KIN-
YUH EXPLAIN THET?

WHY SURE-IT'S THE
SAME REASON WHY I
WOULDN'T TELL ANY
TOUGH HOMBRE HOW
LITTLE I THOT OF HIM
BUT I COULD TELL ALL
THE MISS VANCE'S IN
TH' COUNTRY HOW MUCH
I THOT OF THEM.



LIONS AND LAMBS.

J.P. WILLIAMS

6-30

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SOMEONE TURNED OUR HORSES LOOSE AND TOOK ALL OUR CLOTHING WHILE WE WERE TAKING A BATH AT HERD SPRINGS. IT'S BEEN TERRIBLE! THE HOT SUN, CACTUS AN' SAND BURRS. A VERITABLE HADES!

ALL I'M A ASKIN' YUH STIFFY. AS A FRIEND, HOW LONG HAS CURLY BEEN SETTIN' THAR READIN' THET PAPUH?

WELL-NAOW-UH A-A-I HAIN'T BIN HEAH MYSELF-A A-WELL YAIS, I BIN HEAH. BUT WELL-I REALLY HAIN'T PAID NO TENSUN. NICE WEATHUH WE'RE AHAVIN'.



THE NEUTRAL.

J.R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

WAIT! WE AINT
TOOK TH' ROPE OFF'N
HIS FEET CURLY!
HE CAINT BUCK
MORE'N SIX FEET
HIGH TIED THETAWAY!
AN GIMME YORE
HAT N' SPECS
AN KEEP YORE
TONGUE IN
WE S!

GET THE
CAMERA
READY STIFFY!
I WANT THE
FOLKS BACK
HOME TO SEE
ME RIDING
A REAL
BULKING
BRONCO.

BUCK! THET
HOSS BUCK?
WHY HE'S BEEN
PARALYZED
SINCE BRADDOCK'S
DEFEAT!

PSST. IT'S
A CASE O
HOLDIN A
DUCK OVUH
A FIRE
AN THEN
DROPPIN
'IM IN
WATER.

RUN FER
YORE LIFES
BOYS, HE'S
A KILLER!

THE STORM BEFORE THE CALM.

J.R. WILLIAMS

7-7
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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

BOYS YU COULDN'
DRAG ME BACK T'
THAT KINDA LIFE!
IT TOOK ME FOTTY
YEARS T'GIT SOME
SENSE. YESSUH, I
BIN MARRIED TWO
HULL YEARS NOW

ONLY TWO
YEASHS NOSEY?
YUH WERENT
IN TH' WAR
WAS YUH? YORE
CHIN'S NEARLY
ALL GONE - AN -
AN - WELL YORE
EARS IS BIGGER.

WELL TH' EARS
IS FROM LISSENIN
TOO MUCH, AN'
TH' CHIN IS FROM
SAYIN' NOTHIN'
ALL MARRIED MEN
GITS THET AWAY.
BUT I DONT GIT
TH' HAM ON HIS
BACK.

OH TH.
HUMP!
OH THET
COMES FROM
DRAWING
INTO HIS
SHELL LIKE
A TUTTLE.

CAMP CITY
HARNESS



J.R. WILLIAMS

SOUR GRAPES.

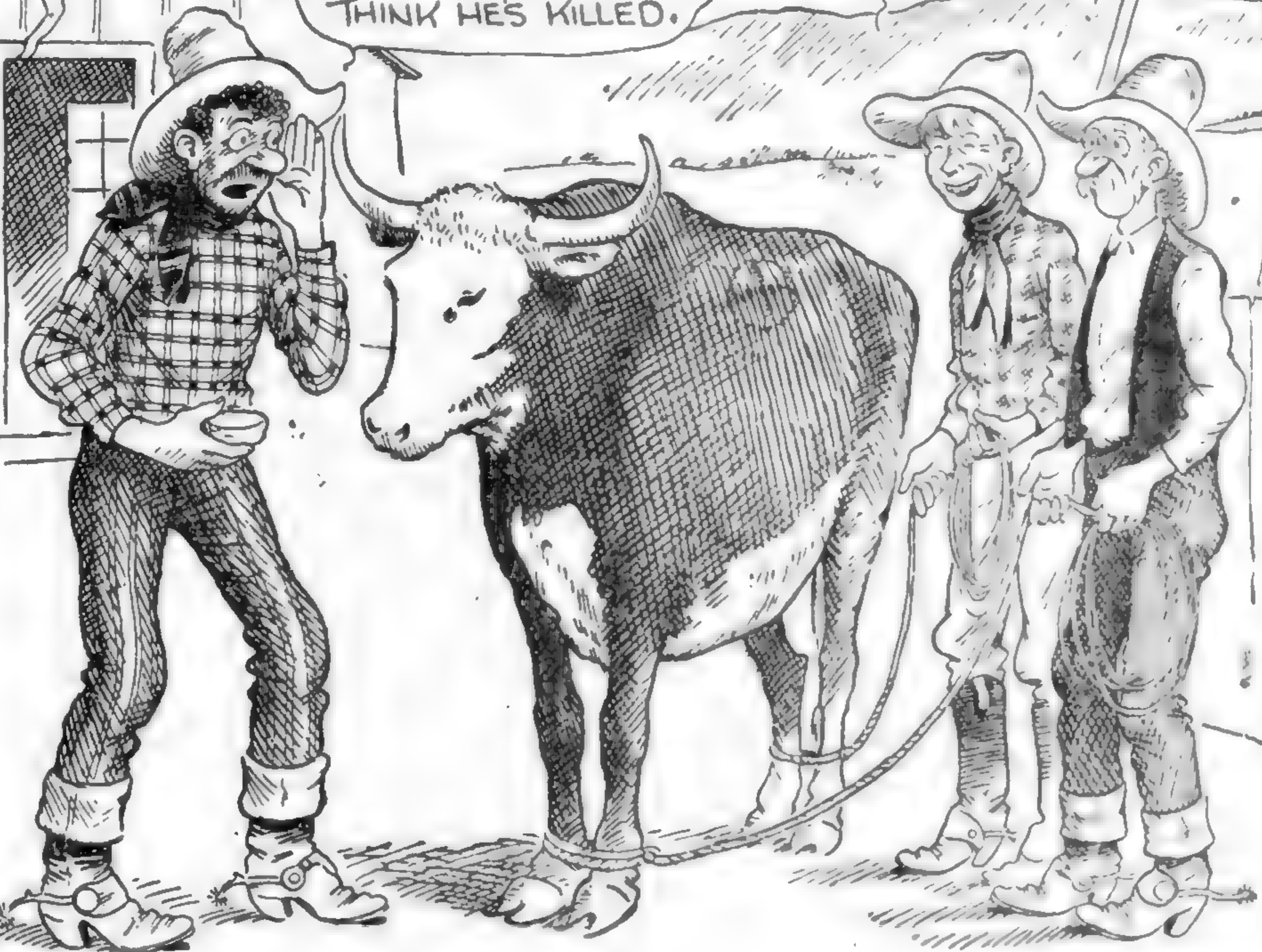
OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

OL BEN BOLT ♪
WAS A BLAME
GOOD BOSS. ♪
BUT HE'D GOT
SEE TH' GALS ♪
ON A SORE ♪
BACKED HOSS.
YOOPA TIDDY
A-A-A.

NOW, YOU FELLERS GIT
BEHIND THET FENCE,
AN I'LL GIT COOKY TO
TH' DOOR, AN' WHEN I
HIT TH' STEER ON TH
HAID WITH ONE O HIS
BISCUITS YOU JERK HIS
LAIGS OUT FROM 'NUNDER
HIM, AN' COOKY'LL
THINK HE'S KILLED.

BOYS, THIS
IS TOO
GENTLE A
HINT. WHUT
WE NEED IS
A CIRCUS
ELEPHUNT.

HOW 'BOUT
HITTIN' IM
WITH A PIECE
O' PIE TOO?
BUT- WELLI
GUESS THET'S
TOO MUCH
FER ONE STEER.



TRYIN' TO GET A RAISE IN DOUGH.

J.R. WILLIAMS

WHY YU OL' WEST,
TEXIS DOGEY! WHY'RE
YOU SO HOT AGIN A
FELLER GITT'N MARRIED?
EXPERIENCE IS TH' BEST
TEACHUH, AN' YOU AINT
NEVUH HAD NONE.

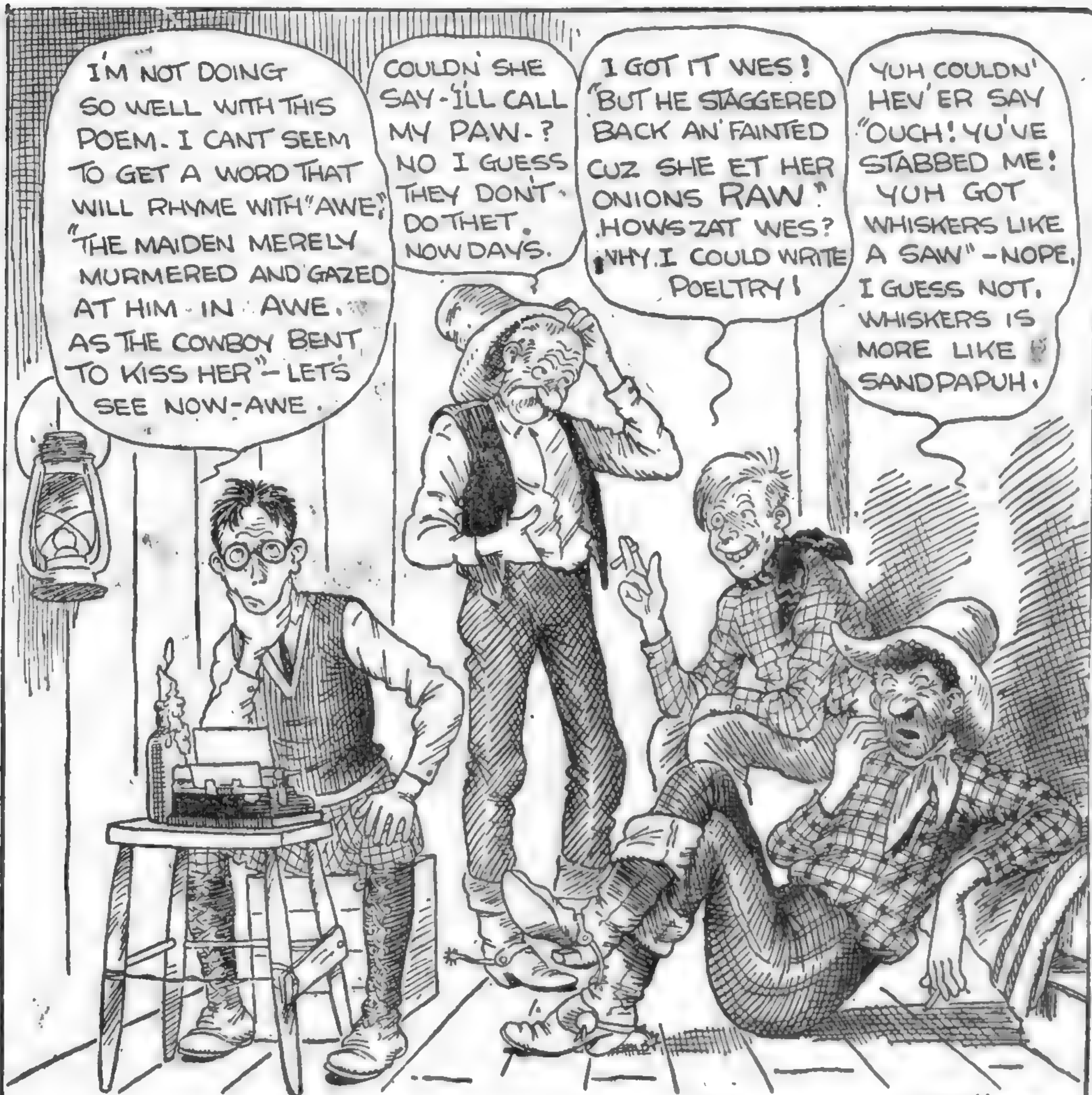
IS THET SO? WELL, WHEN
A MAN GITS HUNG, OR
FALLS OFF'N A CLIFF, OR
STICKS HIS HAID UNDOH
A 'STEAM HAMMUH — WHO
LEARNS TH' MOST FROM IT?
TH' FELLER WITH TH' EXPERIENCE?
OR TH' FELLER WHO HAPPENDS
T' BE A WITNESS? — WELL,
I'VE SEEN A HEAP OF EM
GIT MARRIED.

THE MAVERICK.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY.—By WILLIAMS



THE COLLABORATORS.

J. R. WILLIAMS

7-21

OUT OUR WAY.—By WILLIAMS

"A SLAB OF YEARLIN' FOR A GUMMER"? I-I-I'M AFRAID WE DONT HAVE THAT. I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING BEFORE.

WELL, EF I HAFF T' GO INTUH DETAIL- ITS A STEAK FER A PUSSON WITHOUT ANY TEETH - MY STORE TEETH IS LAID UP FER REPAIRS.

DRUG STORE COWBOY RIDIN' A BAD ONE.

NOW WALDO! POPPA'LL SPANK! PEOPLE'LL THINK YU NEVUH HAD NO TOYS AT HOME.

SHORT
ORDERS

LOOSE
SCREWS

THE SHORT ORDER.

7-24 J.R. WILLIAMS

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OUT OUR WAY.—By WILLIAMS

LET ME TRY
THAT BUCK JUMP
AGAIN CURLY.
I NEVER GET
TIME TO STUDY
IT ON A REAL
HORSE.

'MEMBER NOW WES,
YU'VE GOT TUH OUT
THINK TH' HOSS.
EVEN A WOODEN ONE.
BUT-WELL-YU'LL
GIT IT. IN TIME -
SOME TIME.

THET'S LIKE
LEARNIN A
ELEFUNT TUH
WALK ON HIS
TRUNK - IT'S
TOO SOFT.



POSTING.

J.R. WILLIAMS
7-28

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

DONT WORRY
BOUT ME. YOU
FELLERS. I SEEN
PITCHERS OF JOHN L.
I KNOW HOW T'
STAND.

THET MUSTUH
BEEN SITTING
BULLS LAST
STAND YU SEEN
CURLY—HE SAT
DOWN WITH A
BANG AFTUH
THET.

TH' BOY KNEW
HOW T' STAND.
ON TH' BURNIN'
DECK TOO—BUT
HE STOOD TOO
MUCH. TELL ME
WEN IT'S OVUH
STIFFY.

YESSUH, HE
KNOWS HOW
T' STAND.
BUT A COURSE
YU GOT TUH
BE UP FORE
YU KIN GO
DOWN.



THE PUNCHLESS PUNCHER.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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BY GEORGE CURLY,
I DON'T SEE HOW YOU
CAN READ A NEWSPAPER
GOING AT THIS SPEED.

WELL, I RECKIN
THETS CAUSE I
GOT A SEAT AN
YOU AINT.



IT'S ENTHRALLING
STIFFY. THE VASTNESS,
THE MYSTERIOUS
SPLENDOR OF IT ALL.
ONLY 'A PERSON
WHO HAS SLEPT
UNDER THE DESERT
STARS CAN REALIZE
'TH' BIGNESS OF
THIS UNIVERSE.

YORE WRONG THAR.
ONLY A MAN WHO AINT
HAD A DRINK FOR SIX
MONTHS RIDIN' UNDUH
TH' DESERT SUN ON
A HIPPED HOSS
AN EIGHTY MILES T'
TH' FUST CHANCE
SALOON KIN REALIZE
TH' BIGNESS O' THIS
UNIVERSE.





THE PAYDAY BLOCKADE RUNNER.

OUT OUR WAY--By WILLIAMS



TAKE MY
GOOD VEST
OFF WEN
YORE EATIN'
CURLY!
SPESHULLY
T'MATOE
SOUP!

AN' DONT
GO IN NO
BULLDOGGIN'
CONTESTS
WITH THEM
GOOD SUNDAY
PANTS O'
MINE!

THUTTY THOUSIN
DOLLARS IN
PRIZE MONEY
CURLY! THE'LL
PAY OFF A
FEW O' YORE
DETS - EF
YUH WIN
IT ALL!

TAKE YOUR
HAT AND
BOOTS OFF
WHEN YOU
GO TO BED
IN THEM
HOTELS
CURLY.

AN' DONT
GO DRINKIN'
OUTUH THEM
LAKES, IN
TH' PARKS,
THEY GOT
ALLIGATUHS
IN EM.

WELL, EF
HE GITS A
ALLIGATOR
I'M QUITTN!
HE'S GOT
A TAPEWORM
NOW!

THE ENCOURAGEMENT COMMITTEE
SEES CURLY OFF FOR TEX AUSTINS
RODEO AT, CHICAGO.

J.R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

HERE'S A LETTER FROM CURLY IN CHICAGO. IT'S ADDRESSED "TO THE BOYS". WHO GETS IT? THAT IS—WHO'S GOING TO OPEN IT?

NOT ME! LET ONE O' TH' OTHUH BOYS OPEN IT. I JES BOUGHT A NEW SUIT THIS MONTH.

LESSEE NOW—HE AINT BEEN HIT WITH A AUTO ER HE COULDN' WRITE—AN EF HE HAD EVERYTHING HE NEEDS HE WOULDN' WRITE. IT'S WORK FER HIM T' WRITE A LETTER, AN HE DONT WORK FER NOTHIN. NO SIR—I AINT OPENIN NO LETTER FROM CHI WHILE CURLYS! THERE.

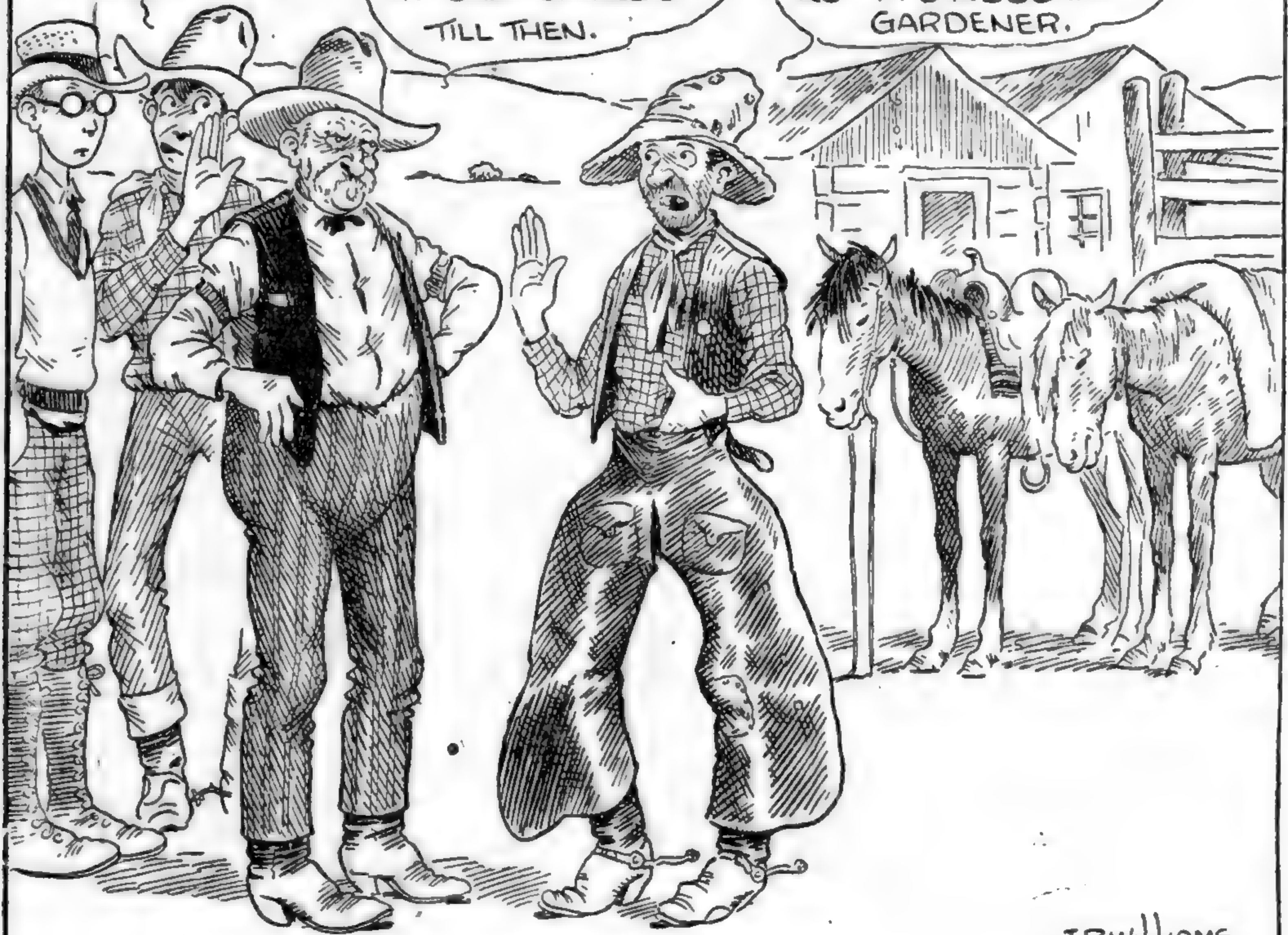


OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THERE'S A FEW OF
EM LEFT YIT.
LIKE HAM ACTORS
STARVIN' T' DEATH
CAUSE THEY WONT
PLAY NOTHIN BUT
SHAKESPEARE
ROLES.

WHY YES, I CAN
USE A GOOD COW
HAND RIGHT NOW.
WE'RE GETTIN' READY
FOR TH' FALL ROUNDUP.
YUH CAN HEP TH BOYS
ON THET NEW CORRAL
WE'RE A BUILDIN' OVUH
AT SALT SPRINGS
TILL THEN.

YUH GOT TH WRONG
FELLER MISTER. I'M NO
STAGE HAND. MY ACT
DONT COME ON TILL
AFTER TH SCENERY
IS ALL SET FER A
ROUNDUP. I'M A
COWPUNCHER, MISTER.
NOT A LANDSCAPE
GARDENER.



J.R. WILLIAMS

A VANISHING ARISTOCRACY.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



WELL, I WASN' OFF'N TH' TRAIN MORE'N 5 MINUTES, WEN THIS COP SAYS I'M JAY WALKIN, AN' I TOL 'IM HE WAS A LIAR-AN-WELL WEN I GOT OUTUH JAIL-WHY TH' RODEO WAS ALL OVUH.

GONE! GONE! TH' SAVINS OF A LIFETIME-GONE! I'LL NEVUH GIT THET TEN BUCKS BACK NOW!

OH! OH! OH! TUH THINK WE GOT A JAIL BIRD IN OUR MIST. TH' NEIGHBORS 'LL THINK WERE ALL LIKE THET.

HE GOES T' CHICAGO T' RIDE, AN GIT'S PINCHED FER WALKIN! IT'S A GOOD THING HE DIDN' GO T' SWIM.





WHOOH!
SOMEBODY
THROWED A
CIGARETTE BUTT
INTO A RUBBER
BOOT! ER
DROPPED A
MATCH ON A
POODLE DOG.

OOH! I WANT
FREE LIFE, AN'
I WANT FRESH
AIR, AN' I SIGH
FER A HEALTHY
WHIFF O' TH'
STOCK YARDS!

BOYS, TH COOK'S
LAID HIS LIT
PIPE ON TH'
LIMBERGER
CHEESE AN'
TH' WINDS A
BLOWIN' THIS
WAY

WHY FELLOWS,
THESE ARE THE
VERY BEST
IMPORTED
TURKISH
CIGARETTES.

TURKISH ATROCITIES.

J. WILLIAMS

I WAS A TELLIN THET
WIDDER OUVH T' TH' GOAT
RANCH WHUT WONDERFUL
DOUGHNUTS YU MAKE - AN-AN-
WELL-SHE SAID SHE'S CRAZY
ABOUT GOOD DOUGHNUTS, AN'
I TOL HER YU WAS A TURRIBUL
GOOD HEARTED MAN, AN MAYBE
YU'D LET ME BRING 'ER OVER
SIX ER SEVEN ER SO-ER-

ER-TEN-ER A DOZEN EH?
WELL CURLY, I'LL JES LAY
A COUPIL ASIDE TELL SHE
GITS BACK FROM 'ER TRIP
T' GERMANY. LESSEE NOW
SHE'S ONLY BIN GONE 'BOUT
SIX MONTHS - THEY'LL KEEP.
SHE'S ONLY STAYIN A YEAR.



WHEN A FOX MEETS A FOX.

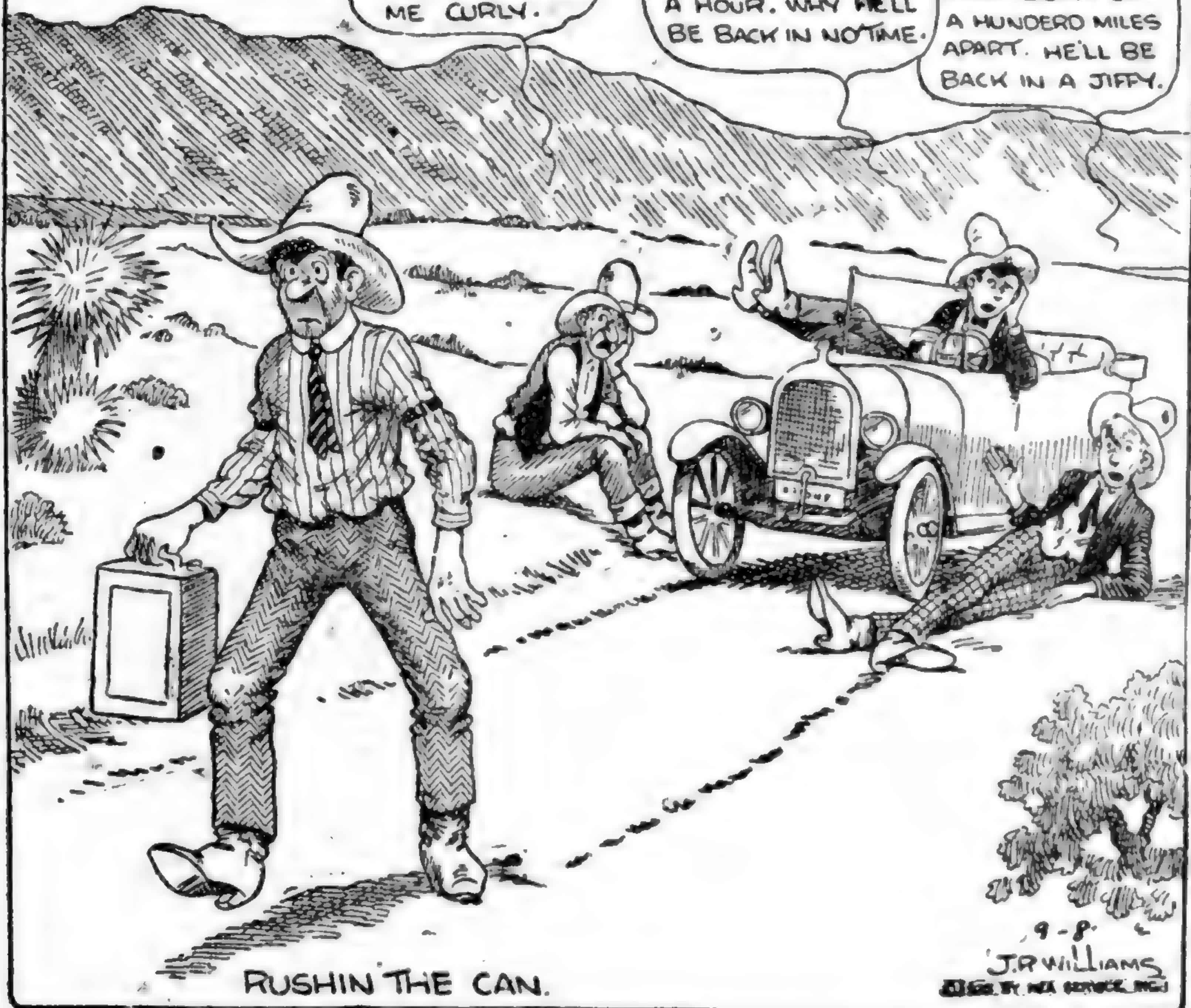
J.R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

EF YUH GIT BACK
FORE T'MORRER
MORNIN' I'LL
KNOCK TWO BITS
OFF'N THET TEN
BUCKS YUH OWE
ME CURLY.

FOURTEEN MILES!
WHY THET AINT SO
FUR. TWENTY EIGHT
ROUND TRIP. ANY
GOOD WALKER KIN
MAKE FOUR MILES
A HOUR. WHY HE'LL
BE BACK IN NOTIME.

WHY SHORE!
DISTANCE IS
NOTHIN IN THIS
COUNTRY. WHY
NEIGHBORS LVE
ONLY EIGHTY OR
A HUNDERD MILES
APART. HE'LL BE
BACK IN A JIFFY.



RUSHIN' THE CAN.

9-8
J.R. WILLIAMS
DISE. BY MAX GERRICK, N.Y.C.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

NOSUH WES. I AINT GOT
NO CHANCT WITH MISS
VANCE. SHE'S GOT STUCK
ON A MANGY FURRINER
AN TH' DIRTY PUP IS STALLIN'
HER OFF - SEE WHUT SHE SEZ -
*I'm waiting for Lochinvar
to come out of the west and
take me back with him
But I wait in vain.*
TH' DIRTY DIRTY PUP!

NO CHANCE?
WHY SMOKEY
HAVEN'T YOU EVER
READ THE POEM
ABOUT YOUNG
LOCHINVAR? GOOD
GOSH SMOKEY!
WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT HER TO
DO? HIT YOU
WITH AN AXE?

OH TH' BRONC WENT
UP AN HE BENT
HISSELF DOUBLE
AN' THEY CAN'T
GIT TH' DUDE TILL
THEY GIT A STEAM
SHOVEL - YUMMA
TIDDY YOOPIE YA!





NO SUH! YUH DONT
KETCH ME NAPPIN' NO
MORE! POOR HANK HAD
TH' SAME KINDA FEVER. AN'
WELL-TH' END COME SO SUDDN'
WE HAD T' USE A PIANNER
BOX FER HIM. NO SUH,
I AINT HANKERIN TUH
DIG A HOLE THET
BIG A'GIN.

LESSEE-HE'S
'BOUT SIX FEET
TWO. AINT HE?
OH. HE'LL FIT IN
A SIX FOOT COFFIN
EF WE BEND HIS
LEGS A LITTLE.

MEMBER JERRY?
HIS HEAD STARTED
ACHIN' AFTER DINNER
AN' MEMBER WE
HAD T' BUILD HIS
COFFIN THET NIGHT
AN-WELL I DONT
WANTA HAVET' WORK
T'NIGHT.

HE'S USED T'
TH' BETTER THINGS
OF LIFE SO WE
'LL LINE IT
WITH THESE
BURLAP
SACKS.

THE PESSIMISTS.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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9-15

WELL NOW
TAKE FER INSTNCE
EF A COWHAND
MARRIES A SCHOOL
TEACHER - A COW
PUNCHER GETS
FORTY FIVE BUCKS
PER. AN A SCHOOL
MARM GETS ABOUT
TWICE THET. WHUTS
TH' MOTIVE?

WHY TH' MOTIVE
IS VERY PLAIN.
IN THET CASE TH'
FUST PARTY WOULD
BE MARRYIN' FER
MONEY - AN TH SECON'
PARTY FER-FER-WELL,
I CAIN'T FIGGER WHUT
FER - BUT SOME WIMIN
FOOLS YUH - THEY
QUIT WORKIN EFTUH
YUH MARRY EM.

I SEE BY TH' PAPERSTH'
WOMEN IS TRYIN TUH GIT
TH' WORD OBEY OUT OUTH
TH' CEREMONY. WELL I DONT
BLAME A FELLER FER TRYIN'
T' GIT' HOOKED UP AFORE
THEY DO - MIGHTY NICE T'
CONTROL A INCOME THET BIG.



THE DISTURBING ELEMENT.

JR. WILLIAMS

9-18

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I'VE OFFEN' WONDERED WHY A HANDSUM FELLER LIKE YOU AINT CALLED ON MISS VANCE LONG AFORE THIS. BUT WHUT EF SHE'S GOT COMP'NY THAR?

OH, I'LL JES SET AN WAIT TEL' TH' COMP'NY'S GONE - IF ANY - SHE TOL ME T COME AN SEE 'ER SOMETIME AN I JES THOT T NIGHT'S A IDEAL TIME.

YESSUH. COTTIN, WE COULDN' - I MEAN YOU COULDN' A PICKED A BETTER NIGHT - SHE'LL BE ALMOST ALONE.



GROOMING THE DARK HORSE

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

TOO BAD BOUT YOUNG
WES, AINT IT? THET
SCHOOL TEACHUH MISS
VANCE IS JES WILD
OVUH 'IM AN' HE CAINT
SEE IT. THETS TH' WAY
WITH SOME FELLERS THO.
CAINT SEE IT TILL TOO LATE.

YES, TOO BAD. SHE'S
TH' PURTIEST GEL I EVUH
SEEN. AN' HIM A REGLUH
ADONIS. SHORE MAKE
A FINE COUPLE, THEM TWO.
YESSUH, I'VE NOTICED
THET— FUNNY HE AINT.
WELL, OPPICHUNITY ONLY
KNOCKS ONCE TI.



GROOMING ANOTHER DARK HORSE.

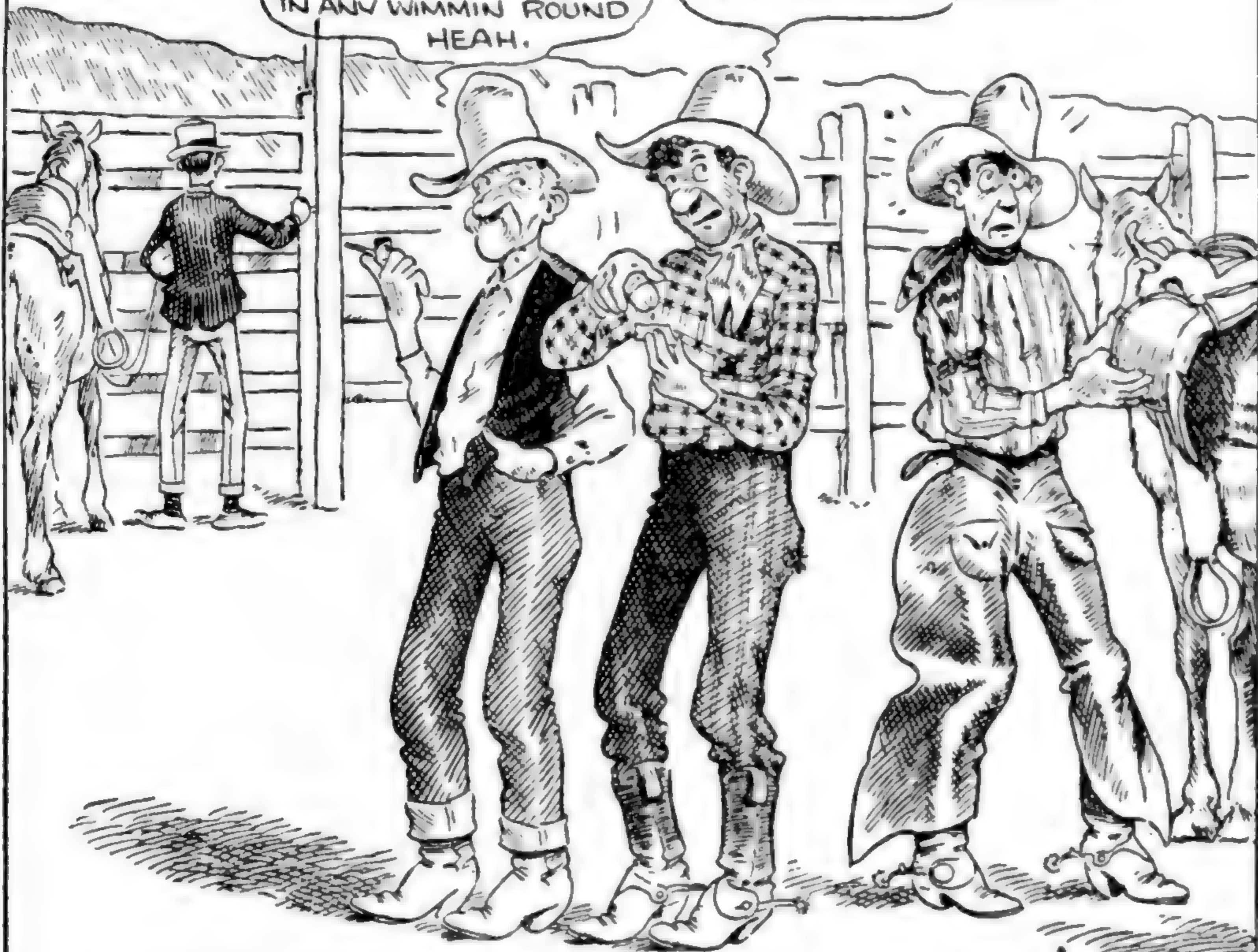
J.R. WILLIAMS
9-25

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THET LOOKS VERY MUCH
LIKE ONE O' THEM
HEART SHAPED BOXES
O' CHOCLITS YOUNG
WES HAS GOT NUNDUH
HIS ARM. I DIDN'
KNOW HE WAS INTRESTID
IN ANY WIMMIN ROUND
HEAH.

OH. I DONT THINK SO
STIFFY. HE OFFIN BUYS
CANDY FER HIS HOSS
AN-WELL MAYBE THEM
HEART SHAPED BOXES
IS TH SPECIAL KIND HIS
HOSS LIKES



JABBIN THE GREEN EYED MONSTER.

J.R. WILLIAMS

9-29



NOSUH, HE WONT EVEN
SPEAK TUH ME- I BRUNG
A STRING O' MEXICAN BEADS
T' MISS VANCE- AN TH STRING
BUSTED -AN JES WEN I WAS
DOWN ON MY KNEES PICKIN'
EM UP- IN WALKS SMOKEY
WITH A BOOK- AN HE
WOULDN' EVEN STOP T'
GIT ANOTHER BOOK.

HEE -EE -HAH HAH!
WELL -EE -HEE -WELL-
HE'S THRU EF HE
DIDN' GIT A NOTHUH
BOOK. TAKIN' BOOKS
BACK WAS TH' ONLY
EXCUSE HE CUD FIND
T' GIT OVUH THAR.

PORE SMOKEY!
HEE -HE -HES' LOST
HIS PASSPORTS.
HEE-HEE -YUH HUH!
OH WELL -EE HEE -
LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.
I'LL TAKE IM OVUH AN
INTERDUCE 'IM TO 'ER
AGIN - AN-AN GIT
'IM ANOTHUH BOOK.



SMOKEY WAS TOO HASTY.

LOOK HEAH, YUH
BUNCH O' CACTUS
DODGIN', BEEF STEAK
CHAPERONS! I KNOW
WHO YORE A AIMIN'
THEM WISE CRACKS
AT. JES KEEP IT UP
AN I'LL ADD A FEW
CRACKS MYSELF.

WISE CRACKS!
WHY SMOKEY,
THEM'S JUS'
SONGS WE'RE
A PRACTISIN'
FER OUR
QUARTET,
WHICH WE'RE
A GITT'N UP.

WHY TH IDEEUH!
SECH BEE OOTIFUL
SONGS TOO. LIKE
"LOST A WONDERFUL
GIRL"—AN "I WONDER
WHO'S KISSIN' ER NOW."
AN "I'LL TAKE 'ER BACK
EF SHE—WHY TH' VERY—

WELL, I RECKIN WE
DID MAKE A COUPLE
MISTAKES—TAKE
BACK YORE BOOK
STID 'O' GOLD—AN
HE NEVER EVEN
TOOK ONE LAST
BOOK—STID 'O'
LOOK.



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

BY GEORGE, I DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT! I WAS MERELY PLAYING A FEW PIECES ON THE PHONOGRAPH. I PLAYED "GEE I WISH THAT I HAD A GIRL" AND "SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL". AND WHEN I PUT ON "LOST, A WONDERFUL GIRL"—WHY—HE—HE—THAT'S STRANGE!

ONLY PLAYED THEM THREE PIECES? WELL THET IS STRANGE. VERY VERY STRANGE. ONLY THREE PIECES!

AH-HUH-UCK-GUG I-UH-M-MF-I SWALLIED SOME TBACER ARRP-EE HEE-M-MRRMP!



DUKE JOINS THE OUTLAWS.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

WHY HOW DO
YOU DO SMOKEY
I JUST BROUGHT
SOME OF THE LATE
BOOKS OVER FOR
YOU BOYS TO READ.

HOWDY! VERY
KIND O' YUH MA'AM.
GIDDEP SNOOZER!



A SHORT CUT.

J.R. WILLIAMS

10-16

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"HOWDY! GIDDAP SNOOZER!" JUST AS THO I WERE A TOTAL STRANGER. SM-M-MP. I DONT KNOW WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE TO HIM, HIS ATTITUDE WAS MORE OF AN INSULT THAN HIS WORDS—AS MUCH AS TO SAY—LOOKOUT LITTLE TOAD, YOU MIGHT GET STEPPED ON.

WHY THE VERY IDEEUH! WHAT THAT YOUNG MAN NEEDS, IS A GOOD SOUND THRASHING, AN' MADE TO APOLOGIZE.

YUH'LL HEV TUH PUSCRIBE SUTHIN ELSE MOTHUH. THAR HAIN'T A PUSSON THIS SIDE O' SUNSET KIN THRASH SMOKEY. BUT WELL- I'LL TRY TUH FIND OUT WHUT'S EAT'N ON'IM.



TO BE HANDLED WITH CARE.

WELL, I ASKED SMOKEY
WHUT WAS TH' TROUBLE TWEEN
HIM AN MISS VANCE, AN HE
TOL ME TUH GO TUH—WELL HE
TOL ME—IT WAS NONE O' MY
D— BUSINESS. HE SAID EF
THAR'S ANYTHING FER PUBLICATION
I'D FIND IT IN TH' NEWSPAPUHS.
GAD! I ADMIRE A FELLUH LIKE
THET!

WHAT? YOU
HIS EMPLOYER
AND HIM TALKIN'
TO YOU LIKE THAT.
AND YOU ADMIRE
HIM? WELL OF
ALL TH' ALLS! I'LL
NEVER UNDERSTAND
MEN!



A MAN'S MAN.

J.R. WILLIAMS

10-23

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ROMEO? NOW
LOOK HEAH CURLY.
DONT EXPECT ME
TUH GO TUH THET
MASQUERADE WITH
YOU IN THET GIT UP.
THEY MIGHT HAVE
A BOUNCER THERE.

NAPOLEON?
WHY, YOU
LOOK LIKE
A PAN O'
YEAST RUNNIN'
OVUH!

BOYS, YUH BOTH
LOOK LIKE-LIKE—
WELL, I WOULDN'
MASKERADE EF I
WAR YOU, IT'S SILLY-
I HAIN'T! IM JES GOIN'
NATURAL—I BORRIED
THI DUKES BES SUIT.

SA AY!
DO I
LOOK
LIKE A
EGG?
I MEAN
YEGG?



THE CRITICS

BASHFUL ?

OH NO MA'AM!
CANT YOU SEE
WE'RE A HOLDIN'
'IM BACK? NOW
DONT GIVE 'IM ONE
O' THEM MOVIE
KIND MA'AM.
HE'S GOT A
WEAK HEART.

NAOW
BOYS
LOOKIT
HEAH—
NAOW
BOYS—

WHY STIFFY! ITS ONLY
A PANG FER A INSTANT
AN' THEN ALL IS O'ER!
NO NOISE TO IT STIFFY!
TAINT LIKE A TOY BLOON
BUSTIN IN YORE FACE
NO MORE. THEY DONE
AWAY WITH TH' SMACK!



THE BEGINNER.

J. R. WILLIAMS
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10-30

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

YOU'RE A QUEER BIRD
CURLY! THERE ISN'T A
SINGLE MAN AROUND HERE
WHO WOULDN'T MARRY
MISS VANCE TOMORROW
IF THEY COULD, AND YOU
DONT SEEM A BIT
INTERESTED.

NOTHIN' QUEER 'BOUT
THET WES! MISS VANCE
IS A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND
O' MINE, AN' A BUM LIKE
ME MARRYIN' HER WOULD
BE A DIRTY TRICK—AN'
I NEVER PLAY A
DIRTY TRICK ON
A FRIEND.



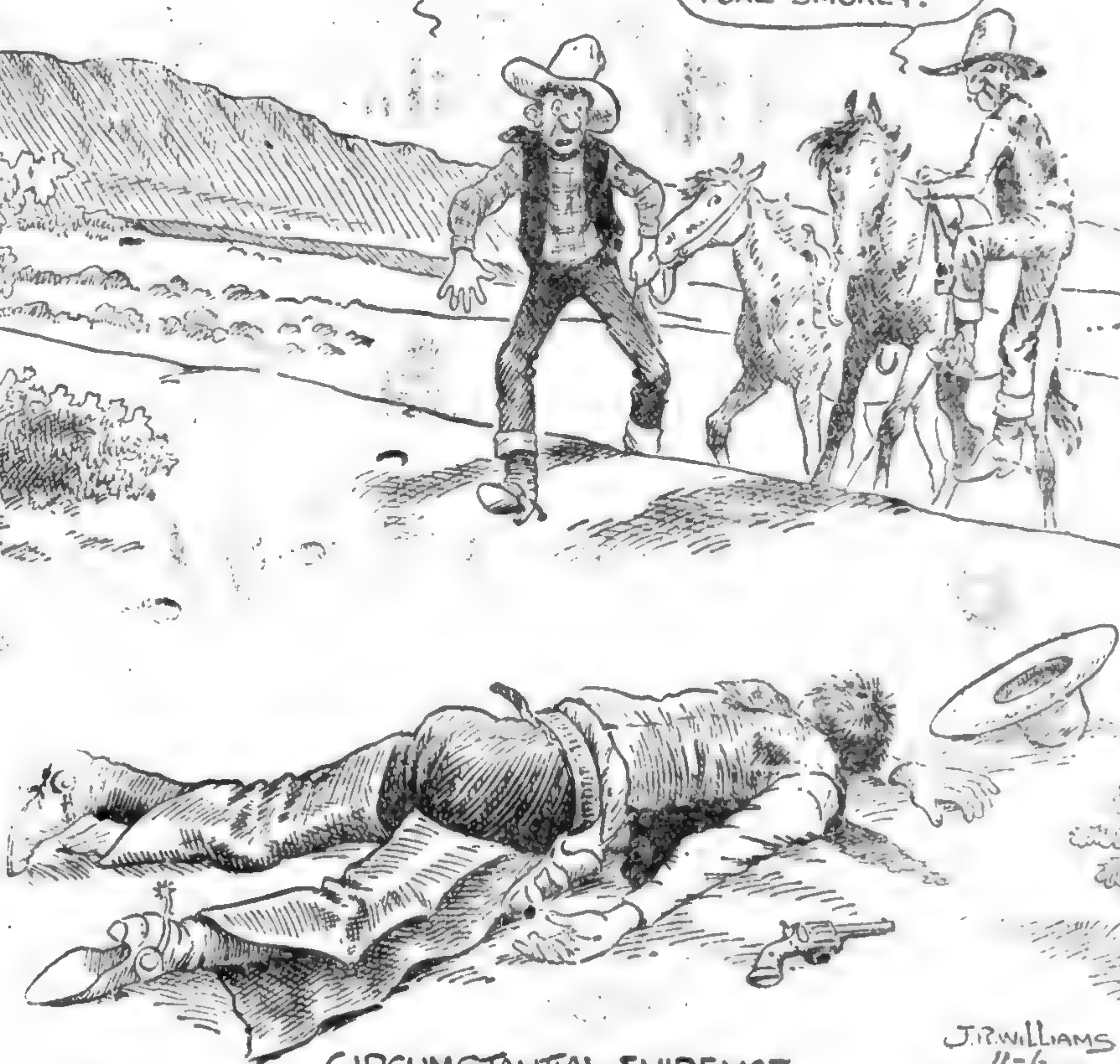
CURLY 'LL MARRY FOR REVENGE, NOT LOVE

J.R. WILLIAMS
11-3
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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

BY GAD!
IT'S SMOKEY!

YESSUH! HE'S
GONE AN SHOT
HISSELF COUNT
O'THET MISS VANCE!
THET'S WHUT WIMMIN
DOES FER YU CURLY
PORE SMOKEY!



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

J. P. WILLIAMS
11-6

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OUR BUNKIE.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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11-10

YOU'VE GOT ME
WORRIED SICK!
I LET YOU COME
OUT HERE THINKING
IT WOULD MAKE
A MAN OF YOU.
AND HERE YOU ARE
IN BAD COMPANY
ALREADY!

HONEST, IF YOU'LL LET
ME HAVE FIFTY DOLLARS
I'LL NEVER BOTHER YOU
AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO
LE—A-A—THAT IS—PINÓN
CHARLIE AND I ARE
LEAVING FOR—FOR— WELL—
WE'RE LEAVING TONIGHT!
C'MON, I'VE GOT
TO HAVE IT!

UNION



MISS VANCE HAS A CALLER.

J. WILLIAMS
11-13

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

WE THOT AT FIRST THY SMOKEY
HAD SHOT HISSELF — BUT HE WAS
HIT WITH A 30-30 RIFLE BULLIT.
PINON CHARLIE AN A SHORTER
MAN WAS SEEN LIGHTIN' OUTUH
THET NEIGHBORHOOD — AN' TH
SHERIFF'S OUT WITH A POSSE
AFTUH EM NOW.

LEE & M
HARDWARE.

PINON CHARLIE —
A-A-A-AND A
SHORTER MAN? ?
WHY A-A-A-
IS THAT SO?
AND A SHORTER
MAN !!?



NEWS FROM THE RANCH.

J.R. WILLIAMS
11-17

WELL SMOKEY WE GOT EM!
AN THEY CONFESSED. NOW
ALL YOU GOT T' DO IS T'
IDENTIFY EM AN' WE KIN
SEND EM BOTH UP FER
TH' LIMIT.

THEY CONFESSED!
WELL, THER A
PAIR O' LIARS
CAUSE I SEEN
WHO SHOT ME
AN' IT WASN'
EITHER O' THEM.
NEITHER ONE!

STIFFY,
THEY'S
A LIUH
IN THIS
ROOM.
SOMMERS!



THE ACQUITTAL.

BUT SHERIFF - IF
YOU'RE SO SURE
THEY'RE GUILTY,
WHY DID SMOKEY
EXONERATE THEM?

BECAUSE HE'S A DAD
BLAMED COWARD! THAT'S
WHY! HE'S AFRAID O
THIS BAD HOMBRE
PINÖN CHARLY'S GANG
GITTN EVEN WITH HIM!
PLUM SCAIRT T' DEATH!
THER HAIN'T NO OTHER
REASON! YALLER AS
A RABBIT!

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

HAVE SOME
CRANBERRIES?
THER DEELISHUS
WITH TH' TURKEY
DRESSING. TH'
PUNKIN PIE IS
VERY GOOD TOO.

NOT JEST AT
PRESENT, THANK
YUH! ILL HAVE A
NOTHUH O' THESE
TURKEY LAIGS EF
YUH DONT MIND.
AND WOULD YUH
KINDLY PASS TH'
MINCE PIE.



DINING OUT FOR THANKSGIVING.

JR. WILLIAMS

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TWELF CLOCK!
DAT IS VER
FINE! EVERY
BODY IS INSIDE
TO EAT AT
DAT TIME.

IT'S DAYDAY AT TH MINES SATUDAY.
AN TH BANK WILL BE LOADED WITH
JACK FRIDAY—TH' BEST TIME IS
JES ERBOUT NOON WEN ONE O'
TH' CLERKS IS OUT T' DINNER.
JOE'LL TAKE KEER O' TH' GUN
WORK WHILE YOU AN ME LOADS
TH' SACK—YUH SHORE WE'RE
ALONE HEAH?

YES—YES!
GO ON—SHE'S
AT THE SCHOOL
EVERY DAY.

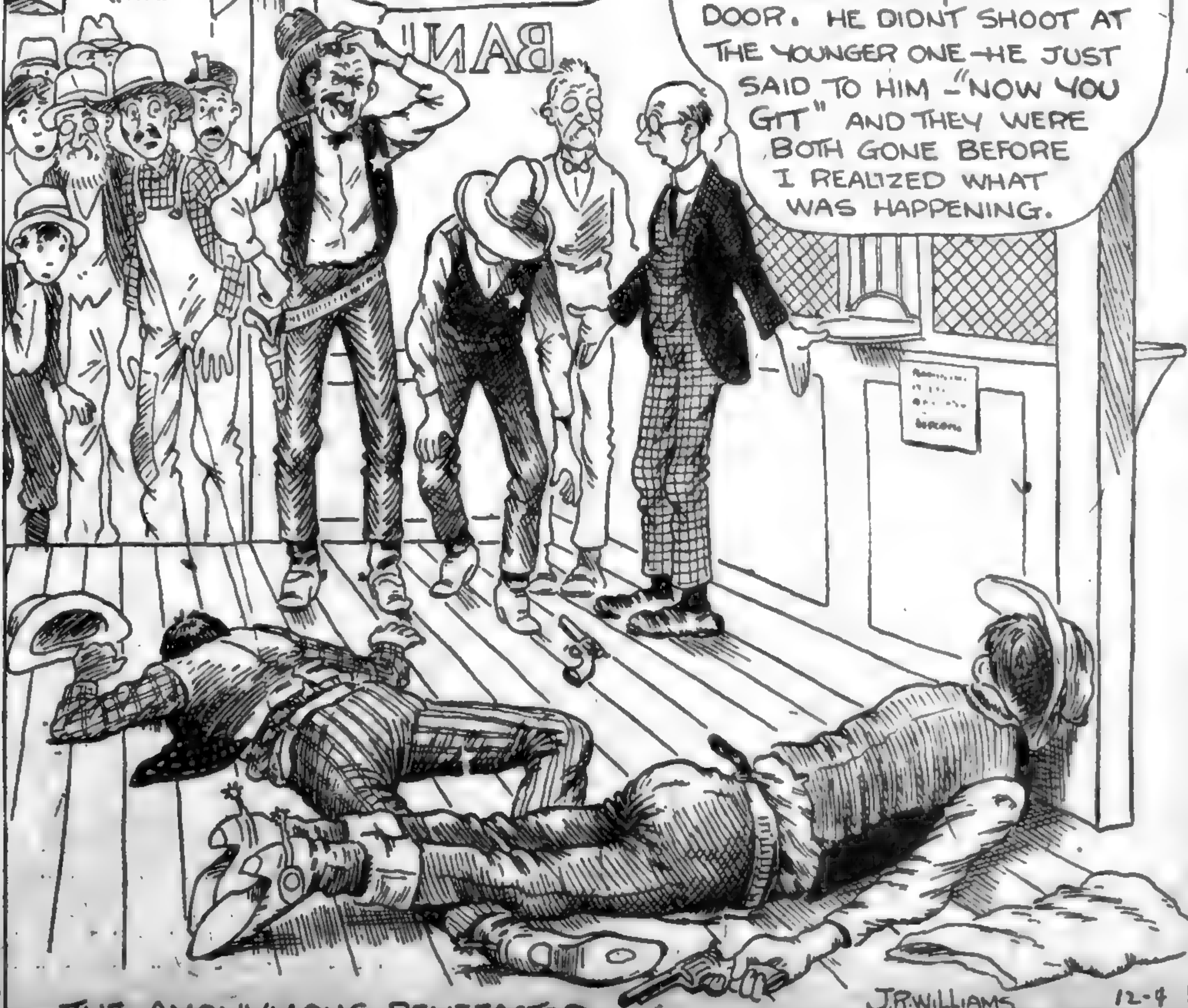
THE EAVESDROPPER.

J.R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

SONORA JOE AND
PIÑON CHARLIE!
DID YUH GIT A
GOOD LOOK AT TH'
FELLER WHO DONE
THIS?

NO—HE HAD A BLUE BANDANA
OVER THE LOWER PART OF HIS
FACE. THEY HAD JUST ORDERED
ME TO THROW UP MY HANDS
WHEN HE STEPPED IN THE
DOOR. HE DIDN'T SHOOT AT
THE YOUNGER ONE—HE JUST
SAID TO HIM "NOW YOU
GIT" AND THEY WERE
BOTH GONE BEFORE
I REALIZED WHAT
WAS HAPPENING.



THE ANONYMOUS BENEFactor.

J.R. WILLIAMS

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12-4

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

TH' BANK IS GIVIN' A THOUSAN DOLLUH REWARD T' TH' PUSSON WHO THWARTED THET ROBBERY. EF THEY KIN FIND 'IM — NOW, THIS HERE LETTUH O' YOUR'N WAS FOUND ON TH' FLOOR IN TH BANK AN — WELL — I THOT MEBBE YU' COULD EXPLAIN —

WHY SURE SHERIFF! A COUPLE O' TH BOYS CARRIED ME DOWN TO TH' BANK ON A STRETCHER AN WHILE I WAS A WRASSLIN' WITH THEM TWO FELLERS THET LETTER MUST A FELL OUT OF MY NIGHT SHIRT POCKET. THETS TH' ONLY WAY I CAN ACCOUNT FER IT.



WHEN THE SPHINX TALKS.

J.R. WILLIAMS 17/8
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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

YOU SHOULDN' BE HAVIN' LIGHTS LIT WHEN YORE A HIDIN OUT YOUNG FELLER! I THINK TH' CASHIER AT TH' BANK'S SEEN YOU BEFORE. WE'LL JES TAKE YU BACK AN SEE IF HE AINT.

YUH KIN DROP THET WAR GEAR AN STICK YORE HANDS UP TOO, MISTER SHERIFF!

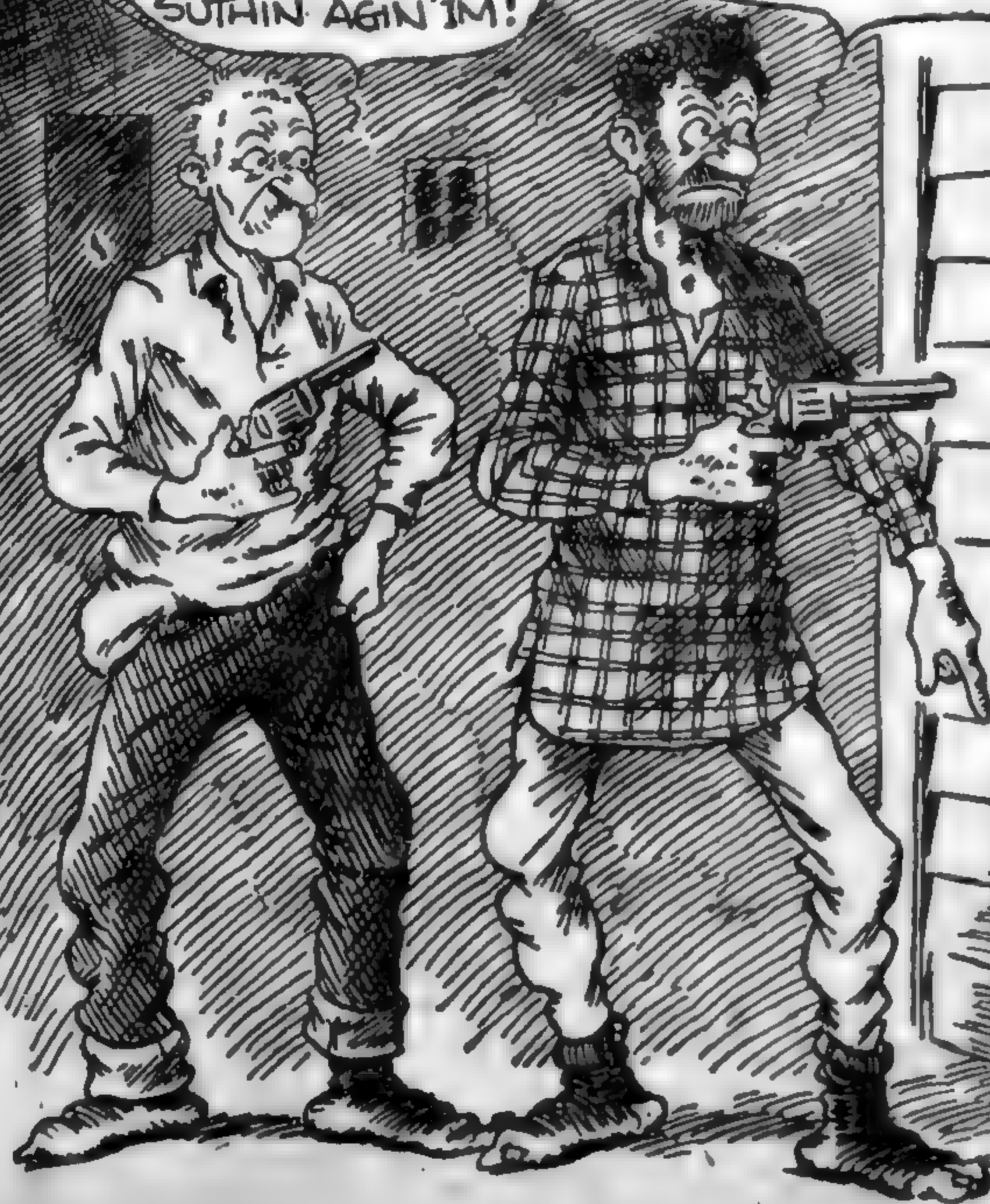


OUT OF THE NIGHT.

J.R. WILLIAMS

BY GAD! WHUT
YUH KNOW BOUT
THET! SNEAKIN'
IN T' KILL PORE
SMOKEY WHILE
HE'S SICK ABED!
SHORE MUST HEV
SUTHIN AGIN' IM!

ABOUT FACE. YUH
LIZARD! LET'S HAVE
A LOOK AT YUH FORE
WE HANG YORE HIDE
ON TH' FENCE! LUCKY
FER SMOKEY I WAS
UP HAVIN A SMOKE!



THE PROWLER.

J.F. WILLIAMS

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TH' SHERIFF'S
PLUM BEWILDERED!
FUST, SMOKEY GITS
SHOT, THEN THEM
TWO BANK HOLDUPS
IS KILLED AN THEN
SOMEBODY HOLDS UP
TH' SHERIFF AN TAKES
A PRISONER
AWAY FROM
HIM.

KILLIN' TWO O' THEM
AN TELLIN' TH' OTHERN
T' BEAT IT IS WHUT
I CAINT GIT. WAL, WHO
EVER HE IS, HE SHORE
HAD NERVE AN SPEED
T' STAND UP AN SMOKE
IT OUT WITH THEM TWO.

FINDIN' THAT LETTER O'
SMOKEY'S IN TH' BANK
POINTS ONE WAY BUT
ACOURSE EF HE'S SICK
WHY. UH-A-WAL HE'S
SOME FAST WITH A
GUN I HEAR—JEST
HOW SICK IS THIS
HERE SMOKEY?



PUBLIC OPINION.

JR. WILLIAMS

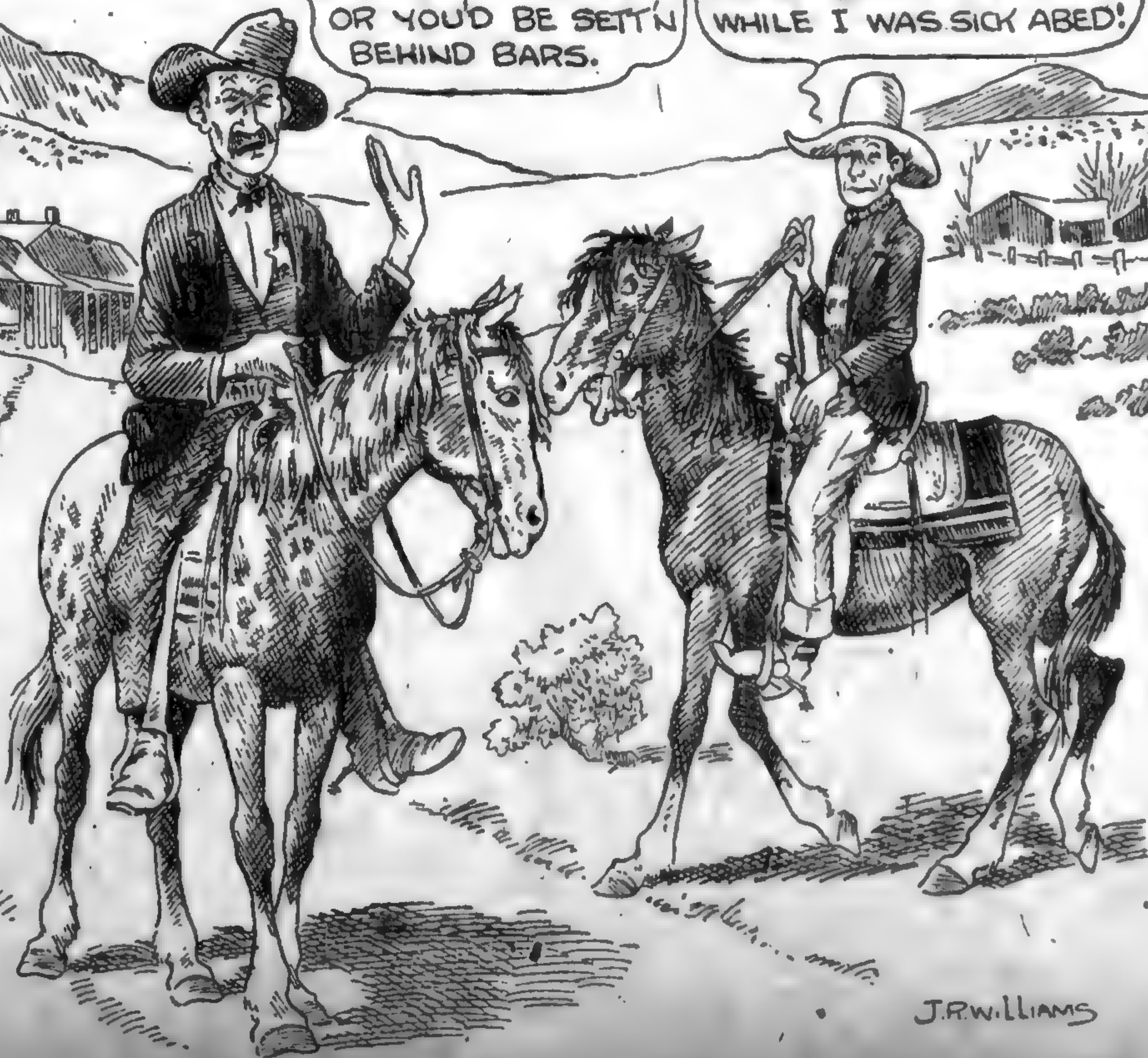
12-18

STORES BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

BLAH! DON'T TELL ME
THIS IS TH' FIRST TIME
YUH BEEN OUT! I'M NOT
SO DUMB SMOKEY! BUT
I AINT GOT NO PROOF
OR YU'D BE SETT'N
BEHIND BARS.

WHUT'S HAPPENED NOW
SHERIFF? SOME BABY
BEEN SLAPPED IN TH' FACE
WITH A AXE? GAD! I
MUSTA BEEN A TERROR
WHILE I WAS SICK ABED!



THE HOUND MEETS THE FOX.



THE FAST WORKER.

C MON SMOKEY - BE
A SPORT AN' GIMME
MY BOOT OUT TH'
CAR. I WONT THROW
IT AGIN - HONEST I
WONT SMOKEY!

FER GAD
SAKE BUFF
PUT TH'
SPURS T
THIS THING!

TIE YO'RE RODE TO
IT LIKE THIS CURLY
AN YUH GIT IT BACK
EVERY TIME! ITS A
REPEATER - YA HOO!



THE HONEY MOONERS.

I'M TH' MAN WHO PREVENTED TH' ROBBERY O' THIS BANK. I JES DROPPED IN TUH COLLECT THET THOUSAN DOLLUH REWARD.

YOU—YOU ARE? MISTER WHIPPLE, DOES THIS LOOK LIKE THE MAN?

WH-WHY I DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE—BUT THAT'S TH' IDENTICAL PECULIAR BROWNISH COAT HE WORE AND TH' KHAKI PANTS TOO. I'D SWEAR HE IS TH' MAN. YESSIR IT'S HIM!

ENTERS THE MAN.

I'LL TELL YOU WHUT HE'S IN FER!
HE'S IN FER HOLDIN' ME UP AN'
TAKIN A PRISONER AWAY FROM ME.
I RECOGNIZED THET ODD COLORED
BROWNISH COAT AN THEM KHAKI
PANTS, WITH TH' V SHAPED RIP IN
EM TH' MINUTE I SPOTTED HIM
IN TOWN.

W-WHY THEM
AINT HIS CLO'ES!
THEM'S - A-A-UH-



JUGGED.

JR. WILLIAMS

1-8

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



THE RANCH LOSES TWO MORE HANDS.

J.R. WILLIAMS

1926
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I GIVE UP ON THIS DASHED
BLAMED STORY! I GOT SMOKEY
MARRIED TOO SOON, I'VE MADE
A CRIMINAL OF THE SCHOOL MAAM'S
BROTHER AND DONT KNOW HOW
TO CLEAR HIM, AND I'VE GOT ALL
TH' REST OF YOU IN JAIL AND
DONT KNOW HOW TO GET YOU
OUT! BAH! I WASN'T CUT
OUT FOR A
WRITER!

WHUT?
AN LEAVE
US ALL
IN JAIL
THETAWAY?

LOOKIT
HEAH WES,
YUH GOTTUH
CLEAR MY
GOOD NAME
FORE YUH GO
TEARIN UP
THET STORY!

WHY, THET
AINT FAIR
WES! YUH
NEVER GIVE
ME A CHANCE
T' SPEND
TH' THOUSAN'
DOLLUHS I
GOT UNDUH
FALSE
PERTENSES!



THE END.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

GREAT SCOTT,
BOYS—WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO SMOKEY?

WHY WE JES
BROKE TH' NEWS
T' HIM THET YUH
TORE UP THET
STORY. IT HIT
HIM PURTY HARD
FINDIN' OUT HE
WASN' MARRIED
AFTER ALL.

IT PROVES YORE
A GREAT WRITER
WES! HE THOT
IT WERE A TRUE
STORY! YUH HAD
HIM BELIEVIN IT
HISSELF!

PSST—HEARTS
ON TH' OTHUH
SIDE PSST!



THE KIDDERS.

J.R. WILLIAMS

1-19

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

"THEN SHALL HECTOR
BE WHIPPED FOR
JAQUENETTA THAT
IS QUICK BY HIM,
AND HANGED FOR
POMPEY THAT IS
DEAD BY HIM.
MOST RARE POMPEY!
RENOWNED POMPEY!"



ASLEEP ON THE DEEP.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE
REMAINS
OF HIS
STORY

A SAD ENDING.

J.R. WILLIAMS
1-26

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